

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 806



MAY 9, 1885

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

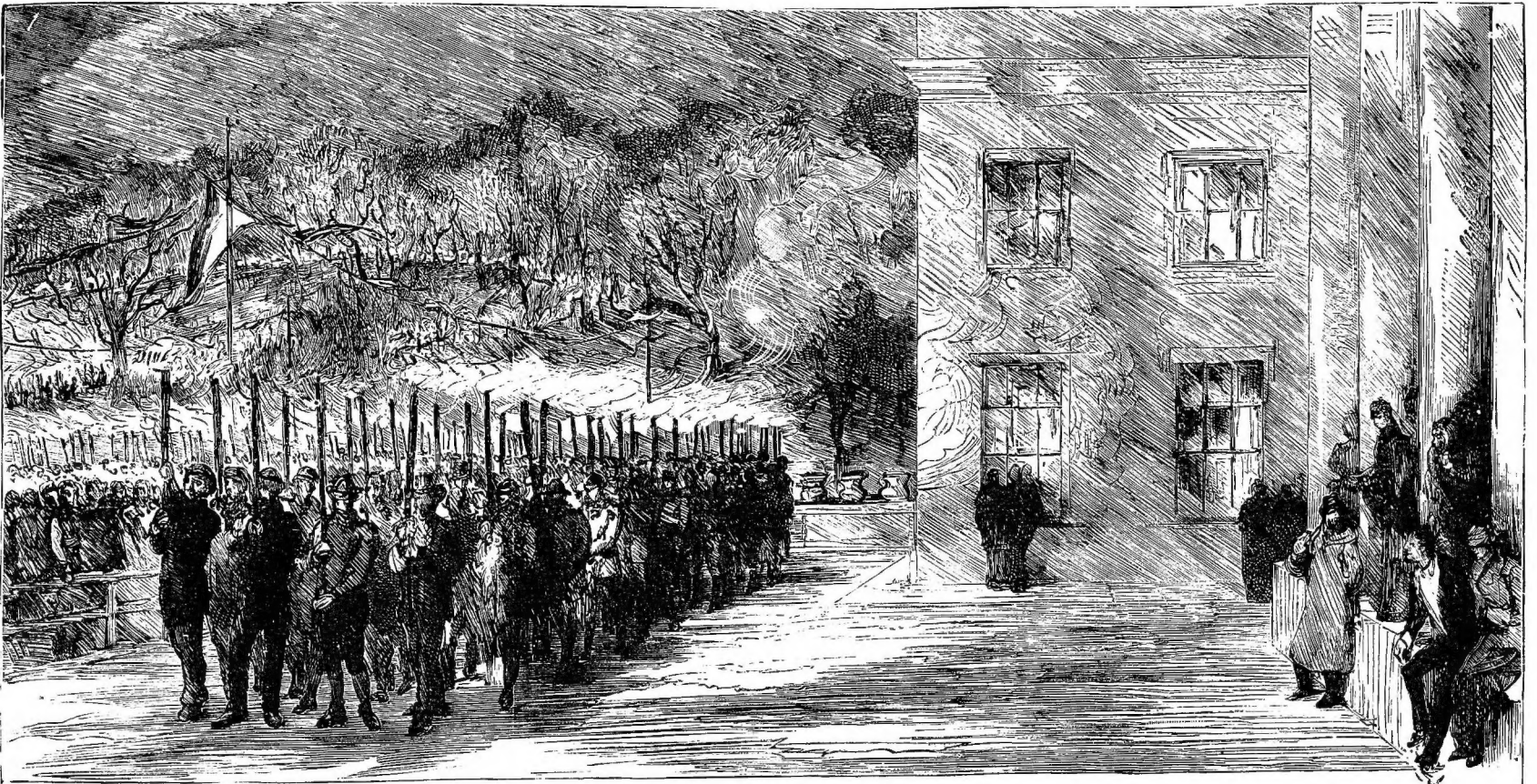
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

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TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT BARON'S COURT, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ABERCORN



VISIT OF THE ROYAL PARTY TO THE OLD WALLS AND THE WALKER PILLAR, DERRY

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



## Topics of the Week

**ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.**—The Government have been bitterly censured by some of their opponents for their so-called concessions to Russia. But, so far as the negotiations have yet advanced, Mr. Gladstone does not seem to have given up anything for which it would have been worth while to fight. It is true that the question which is to be submitted to arbitration does not directly relate to General Komaroff, but England has no reason to complain of that, since the Russian Government take full responsibility for his action. They have agreed that an arbitrator shall decide whether the instructions which led to the attack on the Afghans were or were not in accordance with the covenant of the 16th of March. If he says that the covenant was not violated, there will be an end of this particular dispute; if he says that it was, the Russian Government will make such amends for their error as may seem to be just and expedient. More than that we cannot fairly ask; and, on the whole, it is creditable to Russia that she should have yielded so much. The incident at Penjdeh was of vital importance merely because it seemed to be the symptom of a settled determination on the part of the Czar's Government to make demands with which we could not comply. Now it may be hoped that, whatever may have been originally the intention of the Russians, they have resolved to ask nothing that may not honourably be conceded. It is not, unfortunately, absolutely certain that peace will be maintained; but the chances of a reasonable settlement are very much better than they appeared to be a week ago. Resolute enemies of Russia urge that, even if war is for the present avoided, a struggle between the two countries must come sooner or later; and they may, of course, be right. But it does not follow that because Russia has often broken her promises in advancing in Central Asia, she will be equally unfaithful under a wholly different set of conditions. Hitherto she has had to deal only with barbarous and mutually hostile tribes. Henceforth a Great Power will stand in her way, and she is aware that, even apart from English intervention, the conquest of Afghanistan would be a very formidable undertaking.

**THE NEW TAXES.**—The old motto of the Whigs used to be "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," but all that has been changed since Mr. Gladstone's baleful return to power in 1880. Since that time we have had a succession of wars and rumours of wars, the latter being due in a great measure to the flabby foreign policy of the Government, and the consequent readiness of various foreign Powers to pick a quarrel with us. The result of all this muddling and mismanagement is that we now have a heavy bill to pay, and the wonder is that the country bears the news of increased taxation so meekly. One reason of this forbearance is that the milk has been spilt, and cannot be gathered up again; another is that the incidence of the new taxation has been very ingeniously arranged. It falls as little as possible on the wage-earners, of whom, on the eve of a General Election, with a greatly-extended franchise, our Whig-Radical Administrators entertain a righteous terror. For instance, if tea had been taxed, the working-man would have felt it every Saturday night when he and his "missus" went out marketing, and would have blessed the "G. O. M." accordingly; whereas, as regards beer and spirits, the increase will be felt not in price but in quality, a much more subtle matter. In view, too, of the aforesaid General Election, nearly three millions of the deficit has been cunningly left over till next year. This was not Mr. Gladstone's way in the virtuous days when he kept the keys of the national money-box; but now perhaps he reckons that if by any evil chance the Tories should come into power, upon them will fall the odium of finding the needful cash. So it comes to pass that the working man is let off easily, and, as heretofore, the brunt of the burden will fall on the unlucky man of the middle-classes, the toiling professional, and the struggling shop-keeper, who, merely under the increased income tax alone, to say nothing of parochial assessments and Queen's taxes, will have to work for Government about two clear weeks out of the fifty-two which constitute the year. And the worst of it is, that even if we keep clear of a great war there is not much chance of the burden being materially reduced, because, owing chiefly to the pestilent inventions of men of science, armed peace costs quite as much as a spirited campaign cost a hundred years ago.

**THE AMEER'S POLICY.**—During the heated debate on Monday night, Mr. Gladstone incidentally touched upon what we believe to have been his chief perplexity in dealing with the Russian advance towards Herat. Our covenant with the Ameer is to defend his territories against "unprovoked aggression;" and all parties are happily agreed that this promise must be fulfilled at any cost. But what if the Ameer makes no complaint of aggression, either provoked or unprovoked? What if he declares that he does not value the country north of the Paropamisus and east of the Murghab at a brass farthing? What if he declares that Russia is perfectly welcome to retain all the territory General Komaroff has taken possession of? If these conjectures square with the facts of the case, as we have reason to believe they

do, England's *locus standi* in the matter vanishes entirely. For it would be too ridiculous were we to insist on the retention by Afghanistan of a tract which her ruler repudiates as valueless and embarrassing. If the Government can make it clear that these are Abdur Rahman Khan's views, it will require some hardihood in Opposition speakers to maintain the thesis that we were bound to drive General Komaroff back to his starting-point. Where there seems to be room for censure is in the Ministerial omission to ascertain the Ameer's wishes as soon as the Russians reached Sarrahs. Had that only been done, the Ameer might have handed over the debateable zone to his northern neighbour as a free-will offering, and we should have been saved many millions of money and some months of anxiety.

**ENGLAND AND AFGHANISTAN.**—One result of the present dispute with Russia is that we are not likely to hear much more about the wickedness of Lord Beaconsfield in ordering the invasion of Afghanistan. His position was that the Afghans had proved themselves utterly unworthy allies, and that it was therefore the duty of England to secure a frontier which would enable her to defend India without the aid of the Ameer. It is now evident to most people that there is much to be said in favour of this view. That Abdur Rahman is friendly to us there is no reason to doubt. It happens that in existing circumstances an alliance with England is of more service to him than an alliance with Russia would be; and as long as this state of things lasts we shall continue to have the benefit of his good-will. But if Russia is ever in a position to make offers that seem to him more tempting than ours, what then? Will he remain loyal to us, or forget his fine promises, and associate himself with the Power from which he has (or thinks he has) most to gain? No one who has had opportunities of studying the Afghan character has any doubt as to the true answer to this question. The Afghans are a brave race, with a passionate love of independence; but they are selfish and treacherous, and it is certain that they would not hesitate to desert us if, by so doing, they might hope to obtain any advantage. The moral is that, in making preparations for the defence of India, we ought not to let the hope of Afghan friendship be an important element in our calculations. In taking steps to provide for the security of our great dependency, we should act on the assumption that a time may come when there will be a good understanding between the Czar and the Ameer.

**RENEWAL OF THE CRIMES ACT.**—Wednesday last was the anniversary of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, three years ago. These murders aroused more horror and indignation on this side of the water than any of the previous Irish atrocities, and the Government took advantage of the excited condition of public opinion to press through Parliament a Prevention of Crime Bill, which finally passed, though not without determined opposition from the Nationalist members. As the term of this Act is about to expire, its renewal will shortly be proposed, and it is well known that the proposal will provoke vigorous resistance on the part of Mr. Parnell and his adherents. This resistance will become all the stronger, if, as is rumoured, the members of the Cabinet are themselves disagreed on the subject. Nobody who knows the composition of the present Ministry will be surprised to learn that regarding such a measure as this Whig peers like Lords Granville and Hartington should differ from a thorough-going Democrat like Mr. Chamberlain. Nevertheless, we hope that in this affair the Government will for once in their lives act firmly and consistently. If Lord Spencer demands the renewal of the Crimes Act (possibly with certain modifications), they ought to renew it, or appoint another Viceroy. One thing is certain, that the condition of Ireland has much improved during the last three years, and that the peaceable persons who suffered so grievously under the preceding Reign of Terror can now breathe with comparative freedom. The improvement may be due to the Crimes Act, but it may also be due to other causes. The matter deserves to be fully and exhaustively discussed, though at the same time we hope the Government will firmly repress any attempt at mere obstruction. Considering that those who live in Ireland know well enough that the Crimes Act is only a terror to evil-doers, and that a law-abiding citizen might pass months in the country without being aware that there was such a measure in the Statute Book,—considering all this, it is strange that the Parnellite M.P.'s, whom we may presume to be persons of reputable lives, should thus take up the cudgels on behalf of boycotters, moonlighters, cattle-houghers, and murderers.

**THE MISERIES OF THE SOUDAN.**—It is difficult to say who are the more deserving of our pity, the unfortunate British soldiers who are now being decimated in the Soudan, or the not less miserable people who have to suffer their presence. On the one hand, Englishmen dying off like flies at Debbeh and the adjacent stations, with the despairing cry of "We shall never see home again" on their parched and shrivelled lips. On the other hand the Soudanese reduced to famine by the filling-in of wells, the destruction of fruit trees, and all the other stern work of warlike reprisals which Mr. Wilfred Blunt describes. It is true, of course, that omelette cannot be made without the breaking of eggs; but what sort of an omelette is this that we are cooking, and for whose good?

If there were any object, national, philanthropic, or religious, to be gained by going on with the enterprise, that would count for something in its favour, at all events. But to keep thousands of our most splendid troops far up the Nile merely that they may die is as wasteful as cruel, nor can any other judgment be pronounced on the continual slaughter and spoliation of the Soudanese. What is the good of it all? What gain would there be even if an autumn campaign terminated in the capture of Khartoum? There is no longer a Gordon to be succoured or a garrison to be rescued, while, as for catching the Mahdi, we should only have to let him loose again, even if he fell into our hands. The whole business is a blunder which, if much longer persevered with, will amount to a crime, and we trust soon to hear that both the force up the Nile and that at Suakim have received the order of recall.

**LORD SALISBURY.**—Lord Salisbury has certainly not improved his position as a statesman by the violent speech he delivered the other evening at Hackney. That the Government have committed many terrible blunders is true; on that point all the world agrees with Lord Salisbury. He was not, however, content with exposing their mistakes; he went on to attribute all that they have done to base motives, as if they had no other object than to maintain themselves in office. Surely this way of carrying on political controversy ought to be abandoned. It convinces no one; and, if Lord Salisbury were in power, he would bitterly resent such treatment as he himself thinks good enough for his opponents. He was equally indiscreet in his references to the Russian Government. A man who acts in private life as Russia acts in the development of her national policy is, he said, either a swindler or a bankrupt; and he left his hearers to determine which of these words might be applied most appropriately to the Power with which we are negotiating. Lord Salisbury would not, of course, admit that he wished to make a peaceful settlement impossible; yet, if that had been his aim, he could not have used language more exactly suited to his purpose. The whole tone of his speech was that of a statesman who has a very imperfect apprehension of the calamities which are brought upon a country by war; and many a voter, no doubt, reflected that the errors of Mr. Gladstone, grave as they have been, are slight in comparison with those which would be committed if Lord Salisbury were Prime Minister. This is the most serious of the many difficulties with which the Conservatives have to contend. They can scarcely hope to make much progress until they have a leader who has some sympathy with the dominant mood of the majority of their countrymen.

**THREE EXHIBITIONS.**—The Exhibition-mania may claim France for its birthplace, but it did not attain full development until 1851. Prince Albert and his allies conceived what then seemed to be the daring project of a World's Fair. Since those days there have been such shows everywhere; indeed, it is doubtful whether there is a single large city in any part of the civilised world which has not since that date had its exhibition, either national or international. Within the last few days three such exhibitions were opened—May being, at all events in the North Temperate Zone, the favourite month for such buds to blossom in. Antwerp first deserves mention, the ancient seaport of a thriving people who understand the business of shows and processions better perhaps than any other European community. Antwerp itself affords a most gratifying index of the increased prosperity of the Belgian people; for forty years ago, when we first saw it, it was, owing to the closing of the Scheldt, the siege, and other political incidents, a poor decayed place, a mere ghost of its mediaeval self. It has now once more become one of the chief commercial *entrepôts* of Europe. Buda-Pesth, again, the seat of another exhibition, has thriven wonderfully since the establishment of the dual government, even, indeed, at the expense of Vienna. If the Irish possessed the same energy and industry as the Hungarians, it might be worth trying Home Rule there, if only to infuse into Dublin some of the redundant life of London. Lastly, but not least, we have our own Inventories, which promise from all accounts to afford fully as interesting a series of wonders as the Healtheries and Fisheries of the two preceding years. But for the success of the *al fresco* (and probably the most popular) part of the entertainment—the sitting out-of-doors in the evenings listening to the band—the energetic managers are very dependent on the caprices of the Clerk of the Weather. And under our climatic conditions it is too much to hope for another summer like that balmy, genial season which prevailed for several months last year.

**CHINA, RUSSIA, AND ENGLAND.**—The "Sick Man" of Eastern Asia suddenly finds his friendship highly valued by two of the greatest European Powers. Only the other day, England and Russia affected a Gallio-like attitude towards the perplexities of China in her quarrel with France. Now both are full of effusive congratulations to the Celestials on the gallant way in which they conducted themselves; in brief, it is an international *replica* of Codlin and Short. Judging by present appearances, the Mandarins are inclined to prefer an English to a Russian alliance. Not that they love us more, but they have a grudge to pay off in the other quarter, and British assistance would be very useful for the purpose. The restless Russ has been playing precisely the same game in



Mantchouria as in the regions north of Afghanistan, ever moving forward his frontier and ever protesting that he would never move again. As the country thus annexed was very thinly populated and chiefly barren, the Chinese were content to ignore these trespasses until a favourable opportunity for balancing the account presented itself. This they perceive in England's quarrel with Russia, and, imitating our procedure, they have demanded the appointment of a Boundary Commission to fix the frontier once for all. Whether the Court of Peking will be more fortunate in the upshot than the Court of St. James's remains to be seen. We trust, however, that the evil star which has led our rulers into so many foreign troubles will lose its malign influence in this instance. If the Chinese Government helped us to "acquire"—"occupy" is too strong a term it appears—Port Hamilton, let them put a price on their services. It would come far cheaper to England in the long run to pay a few thousand pounds than to get mixed up with a Russo-Chinese dispute about some uninhabited desert in the wilds of Mantchouria. Asiatic allies are apt to become expensive luxuries for Western nations.

**A GORDON CAMP.**—The public were much pleased the other day to hear that it had been decided to establish a memorial to General Gordon in the neighbourhood of Aldershot, "in the shape of a Gordon Camp, in which to train poor and destitute boys for the army." The proposal is an excellent one, and there can be no doubt that there will be a generous response to the appeal for subscriptions. We already know what can be done for homeless boys in training-ships. Many a man who, if left alone in early youth, would infallibly have become either a criminal or a pauper, is now a good citizen, making his own way in the world, thanks to the influence exerted over him on board one or other of these vessels. Equally important results will be accomplished by a Gordon Camp; and the army will profit by the scheme not less than the boys themselves. We constantly hear that the military authorities have the utmost difficulty in attracting to the army the kind of men who make the best soldiers. The proposed camp may be expected to send into the ranks a very large number of vigorous and well-trained lads, fond of their calling, and always remembering with pleasure the time they spent near Aldershot. This will be an infinitely better memorial to Gordon than the International Hospital; for it will continue the work to which he devoted himself with so much enthusiasm and with such astonishing success while he lived as an Engineer officer at Gravesend. The Committee have wisely decided to accept penny subscriptions; so it may be hoped that the honour which is now to be done to the memory of a truly great man will be in every sense an expression of national feeling.

**INOCULATING FOR CHOLERA.**—The experiments of Dr. Ferran, the young Catalan physician, have attracted considerable attention in Spain, but time alone can prove whether they possess any genuine importance. There are, however, analogous cases in existence which give some hope that his discovery may be of value. Putting aside the more efficient safeguard of vaccination, it has now for a century and a-half been ascertained that the virulence of the small-pox poison can be abated by inoculation. Much more recently Pasteur, the famous French *savant*, has shown that *charbon*, or carbuncle, a malignant disease which prevails among sheep, can be altogether warded off by the inoculation of the animal with a poison-germ, artificially "cultivated" down to a degree of practicable mildness. There is, therefore, nothing incredible that a similar result may follow from the administration of the cholera-bacillus, supposing always that Dr. Ferran has got hold of the genuine article. The theory underlying all these experiments is that small doses of certain epidemic poisons fortify the human body against the effects of larger doses taken subsequently. This theory is borne out by long-ascertained facts. The residents of marshy regions, though rarely thoroughly healthy, do not suffer so acutely from marsh-fever and ague as do new-comers. Again it is said that the bodies of Parisians are so infiltrated with sewer-gases that they are proof against the typhoid fever which attacks the foreign visitor. Of course, the real test of Dr. Ferran's alleged remedy will be an epidemic outbreak of cholera. If then it is found that inoculated persons either escape altogether or have the disease very mildly, he will merit the reputation which Jenner obtained in the last century.

**EMIGRATION CLUBS.**—That these isles are becoming too densely populated is now admitted, even by the anti-Malthusian school, who used to maintain that it was impossible for any land to have too many inhabitants. But there is a wide step between recognising an evil and finding a remedy. In the case of over-population, the latter appears, at first sight, an easy matter enough. If England has too many children, the United States and the British Colonies have too few; it is, therefore, merely a question of exporting our superfluities to the countries eager to possess them. There lies the difficulty, however—Who is to pay the exporting charges? Some of our Colonies are willing to contribute a share, and various charitable agencies assist the endeavour in a small way. But for emigration to become really national it must be self-supporting, or the movement will do little more than foster a class of restless rovers. The most promising instrumentality yet devised is the Emigration Club. Each member has an account, and all sums paid in by him

remain at his credit until the amount is sufficiently large to pay his passage-money. That matter is arranged by the club itself, which also helps the intending emigrant with advice, and sometimes with introductions. As yet, the experiment has only been tried on a small scale in a few parts of the kingdom, but in every instance where it has been properly conducted, complete success has resulted. While putting by their money, shilling by shilling, the members train themselves in self-denial, sobriety, thrift, and self-helpfulness, and are thus better fitted to fight their way in the world than if sent out without having to make any sacrifices.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "AN ARTIST IN ZANZIBAR (SIR JOHN KIRK AT HOME)," by Mr. H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S.



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.—TO-DAY (SATURDAY),** at a quarter to eight, LOUIS XI. Louis XI. Mr. Henry Irving, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.—Saturday next, May 16, THE BELLS. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), and Pit and Gallery Booking Office open daily from 10 to 5.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. WILSON BARRT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 7.30, THE SILVER KING, by Henry A. Jones and Henry Irving, produced under the direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at 7. Box Office 9.30 till 5.0. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 1s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

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MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.15; PERIL, at 8.45. Preceded by, at 7.30, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, by Tom Taylor. Carriages at Eleven. Box Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3,700. MATINEE OF PERIL, SATURDAY next, at 2.15. Doors open at 1.45. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

**MRS. CONOVERS' BENEFIT MATINEE,** Thursday, May 14, at OLYMPIC THEATRE, on which occasion will be produced a New and Original Play, in Five Acts, by Mrs. Julius Pollock, entitled JUDAH. Characters by Messrs. James Fernandez, Lawrence Cautley, Ben Greet, W. T. Ellworthy, F. Hamilton Knight, Cecil M. York, James Ashley, Philip Beck, and

MRS. ANNA CONOVER. Doors open 2. Commence at 2.30. Box plan now open.—OLYMPIC THEATRE, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

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PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. Division 1, INVENTIONS. Division 2, MUSIC. Admission to the Exhibition, by Season Ticket daily, and by payment of One Shilling Every Week Day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps.

**INVENTIONS EXHIBITIONS.** Group 13, No. 106.—Dr. HARRY LOBB'S system of Medical Electrization. Batteries, Conductors, &c. Curative Electricity free by post 13 stamps, from Dr. LOBB, 66, Russell Square, London.

**HORSE SHOW, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.**—Entries close May 25. Show opens June 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Prize lists and forms of entry may be obtained on application to

Offices: Barford Street, Liverpool Road, Islington. R. VENNOR, Secretary. Royal Agricultural Hall Co., Limited.

**HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM,** painted by F. SERGEANT, 1885.—This Great Picture, just completed, includes Portraits of Her Majesty, their R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, together with Ministers, Ambassadors, and the Nobility. NOW ON VIEW, at 175, New Bond Street, from 10 till 6. Admission One Shilling.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.** THE HUNDRED AND THIRD EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.

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**ZEUXIS AT CROTONA.** By EDWIN LONG, R.A. "I. 'THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY.'" "II. 'THE CHOSEN FIVE.'" These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission One Shilling.

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WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A LITTLE DUCHESS. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON.

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(By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

As last week we completed our chronicle of the Royal visit, it is only necessary here to say a few words in explanation of the four pictures published this day.

At Londonderry, after the proceedings in the Court House had concluded, the Royal party drove down Society Street to the steps leading to the summit of the city wall. They walked along the wall as far as the First Presbyterian Church, where they turned and proceeded to the doorway in the wall leading into the garden of the Bishop of Derry's Palace. When passing the Walker Memorial the cheering was tremendous, while a band stationed in the Palace Gardens played "God Save the Prince of Wales."

The scene at Strabane Station was extremely pretty. Some young ladies presented the Royal party with bouquets, and a number of little girls, prettily clad in blue dresses and scarlet hoods, lined the passage from the station, and strewed the path with flowers. The Royal party then drove to Sion Mills, being escorted through Strabane by the members of the Strabane Hunt.

At Baronscourt, the seat of the Duke of Abercorn, the Royal party were received by the Duke and Duchess and several members of their family; the tenantry and country people also giving them a warm welcome. At night there was a torchlight demonstration and display of fireworks.

The Royal party completed their Irish tour on April 27th at Larne, where they embarked on board the *Osborne*, amid much cheering, the Inniskillen Fusiliers forming the last guard of honour. Larne is becoming a thriving young seaport, and, with its fine harbour and deep water approach, has become the favourite port of embarkation from the North of Ireland for England.

## THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY

### A TURCOMAN RAID

THE Turcomans, who, until the Russian advance, have ever held undisputed sway over Central Asia, are probably the most lawless and predatory race in the world. Professor Vambéry declares that he never met a Turcoman either desirous of commanding or inclined to obey. They are wont to say, "We are a people without a head, and we will not have one. We are all equal, with us every one is king." Every Turcoman does what is right in his own eyes, and, although on the principle of mutual insurance, men of the same tribe do not plunder each other, they live on a perpetual footing of warfare with their neighbours. An invitation to any enterprise likely to be attended with profit finds a Turcoman always ready to arm himself, and to spring to his saddle. His mode of warfare is to swoop down upon his victims by a surprise; but acting up to his proverb, "Try twice, turn back the third time," he rarely returns to the attack if vigorously repulsed. All is plunder that comes to his net, but horses, cattle, and slaves are his chief spoil. He by no means objects to capture and sell his co-religionists. "Is not the Koran, 'God's book,' sold for a small sum," he asks; "then why not man, who is less precious? Moreover, was not the prophet Joseph once sold?" Our sketch, by Sergeant Galindo, with the Afghan Boundary Commission, depicts a village of the Jamshedis, who are practically Persians, and live in the Kushk and Murghab valleys, receiving the news from their scouts of the advance of a Turcoman raiding party. "The frontier tribes of Jamshedis and Hazaras," he writes, "used to maintain a regular chain of outposts to keep watch for Turcoman raids, or 'alamans,' as they were called. Each post consisted of ten sowars. On desecrating the approach of raiders, they would immediately gallop off and give the alarm to the villages of the threatened district. In the picture there has been a race home, and the youth in the centre has arrived first with the news. In the background the horsemen of the tribe are saddling and turning out to meet the foe, while the Arbáb, or headman of the village, is gathering further information from the scout as to the numbers of the raiding party, and the direction of their advance."

### THE DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI—NOTES IN THE AMEER'S CAMP

WHEN the Ameer arrived at Rawul Pindi he was accompanied by a suite of some forty personages. They certainly to European eyes formed a strange gathering. Most were dressed in long coats like dressing-gowns and tall black sheepskin caps. Some affected variations on the English military costume, others appeared desirous of following the Ameer's style of dress. His attendants, the *Times of India* tells us, were marked beyond their fellows by enormous bearskins, about twice the size of those worn by the Guards. All were armed, and amongst them were several hookah-bearers, a doctor, a tailor, a writer, and a chess-player. He was accompanied by Gholam Hyder Chikri, his Commander-in-Chief, who fought against us at Ali Musjid and Cabul, and by almost as important a personage, his cook, in whom the Ameer is said to repose as much confidence as Louis XI. did in his barber. The military followers were noticeable for their smart, soldier-like costumes, which bore a decidedly Russian cut. The Ameer had been preceded by his troops, and was met a short distance before his residence by a couple of detachments of his cavalry, one composed of Usbeys, who raced down from their camp along a portion of their route in a wild, disorderly manner, whirling their whips, and forming line on the roadside beyond the Native Contingent who lined the last portion of the way. They presented, the *Times* correspondent states, a dirty, ragged appearance, contrasting most unfavourably with the cavalry of the Contingent who, however, can almost be classed with the Imperial Native troops.—Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant Mackintosh, of the Seaforth Highlanders.

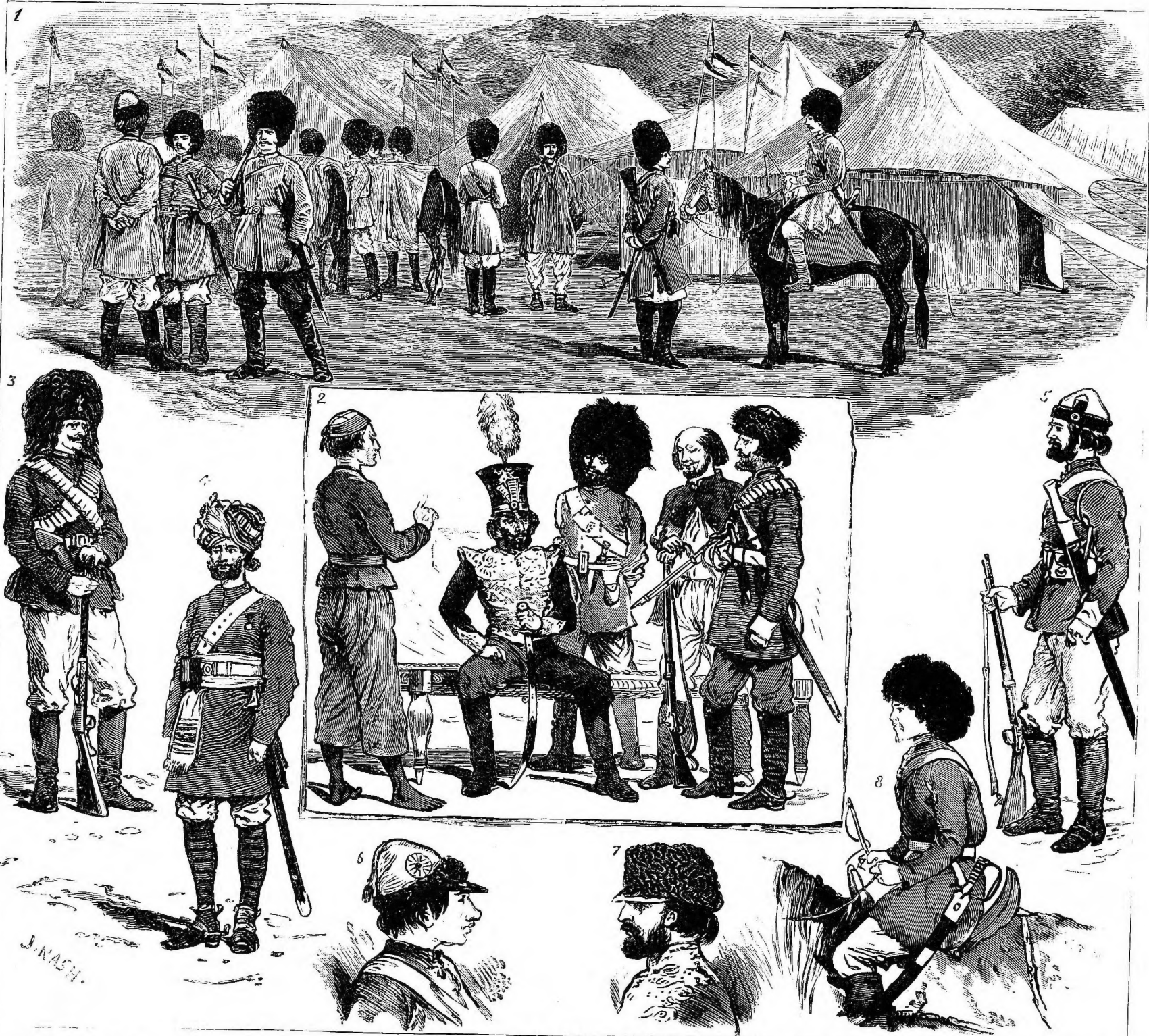
### SIR J. E. ALEXANDER

GENERAL SIR JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, C.B., F.R.S., of Westerton, Stirlingshire, died on the 2nd April at Surrey Lodge, Ryde, Isle of Wight. The deceased General, the eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Alexander, of Powis, Clackmannanshire, by his union with Catharine, daughter of Mr. John Glas, Provost of Stirling, was born in 1803. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and entered the Army in 1821. He was appointed by Sir Thomas Munro (Governor of Madras) Adjutant of his bodyguard. He served in the cavalry in India, and in the 42nd Royal Highlanders, and acted as Private Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to Sir Benjamin D'Urban when Governor of Cape Colony, and also as Aide-de-Camp to the same General while Commander of the Forces in British North America. He was subsequently on the Staff of General Sir William Rowan, Commander of the Forces in Canada, and was present in the field in the Burman, Persian, Turkish, Portuguese, and Kaffir Wars. He was likewise employed on a Government expedition of discovery in the interior of Africa, and on an exploring and surveying expedition in the forests of New Brunswick, for which services he received the honour of Knighthood in 1838. He became a Major in the Army in 1846, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1854, Colonel in 1858. He commanded the 14th Regiment at the Siege and Fall of Sebastopol, and the 2nd Battalion of the same Regiment in New Zealand in 1860-62. He obtained the Khedive's leave to transport Cleopatra's Needle to England, and it





JAMSHEDI SCOUTS BRINGING THE ALARM OF A TURCOMAN RAID  
From a Sketch by a Military Officer with Sir Peter Lumden



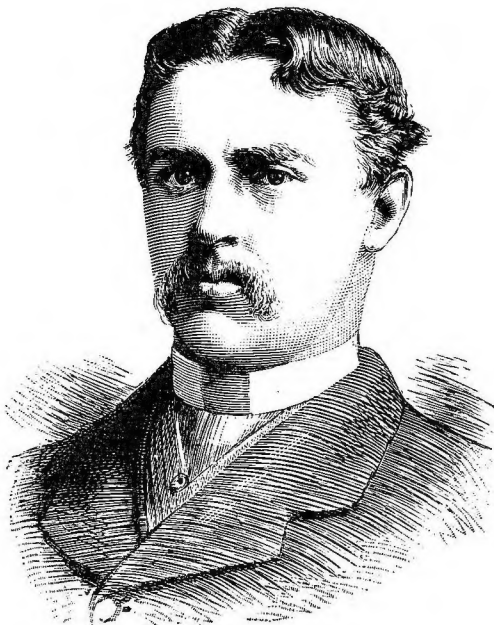
1. The Ameer's Escort: Camp of the Usbegs.—2. Some of the Ameer's Followers.—3. A Turcomani.—4. A Native Indian Officer.—5. One of the Ameer's Sepoys.—6. Infantry Soldier.—7. The Captain of the Usbegs.—8. Usbeg  
NOTES IN THE AMEER'S CAMP AND AT RAWUL PINDI DURING THE DURBAR  
From Sketches by a Military Officer

# THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY





GENERAL SIR JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, C.B.  
The First Knight Created in Person by the Queen After Her Accession  
to the Throne. Died April 2, 1885



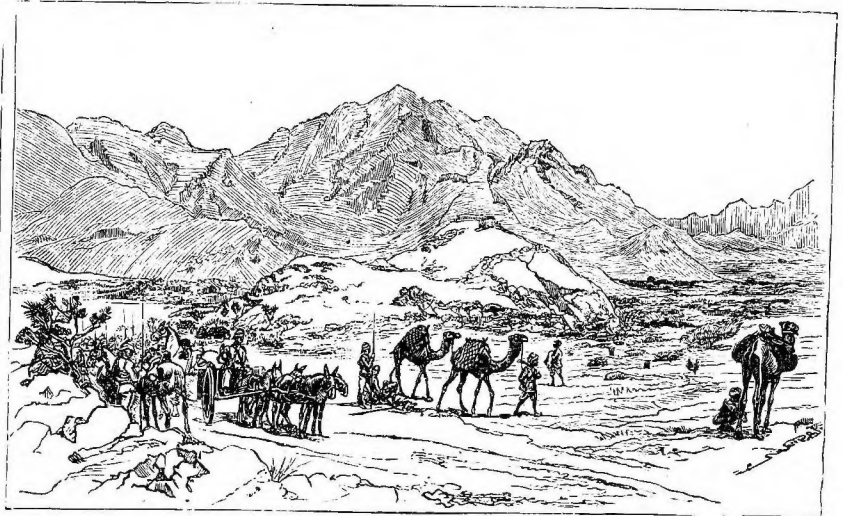
MAJOR JAMES MANDEVILLE W. VON BEVERHOUDT,  
17TH BENGAL N.I.  
Killed While Rallying His Men at the Surprise at Baker's Zeriba



LIEUTENANT JAMES B. RICHARDSON, 5TH (ROYAL  
IRISH) LANCERS  
Reported Missing on the Occasion of the Surprise at Baker's Zeriba



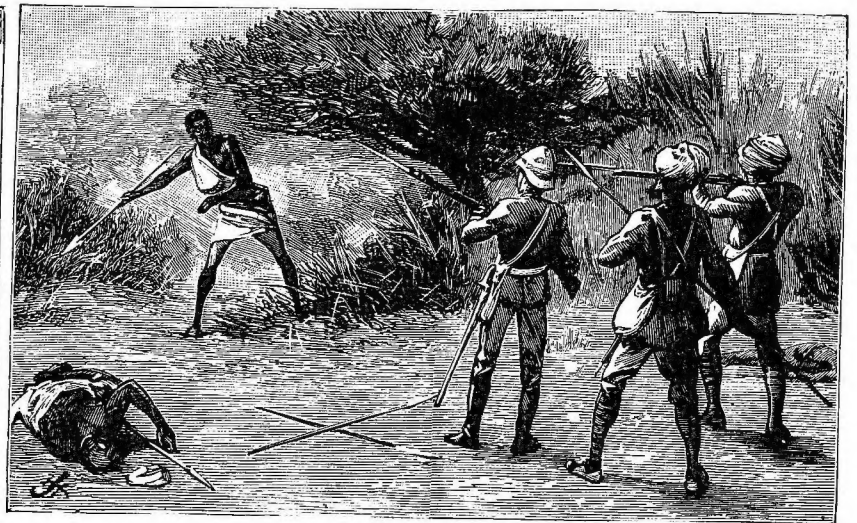
MESS OF THE GRENADEIER GUARDS



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS NEAR HANDOUB



SHEIKHS OF THE BENI AMER TRIBE NEGOTIATING WITH MR. BREWSTER, OF THE  
INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT



A DETERMINED FOE



LAYING THE SUAKIM-BERBER RAILWAY  
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM AT SUAKIM  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



was mainly through his exertions that the Obelisk was saved from being broken up. He obtained the rank of Major-General in 1868, Lieutenant-General in 1877, and General in 1882, and was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1873. General Alexander, who was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Stirlingshire, married, in 1837, Eveline Marie, third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Cornwallis Michell. He is survived by Lady Alexander and four sons.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

#### LIEUTENANT RICHARDSON

LIEUTENANT JAMES B. RICHARDSON, of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, was twenty-three years of age at the time of his death, and the eldest son of David Richardson, Esq., of Hartfield, Dumbartonshire, N.B. He was educated at Elstree and Harrow, afterwards entering University College, Oxford, and passed into Sandhurst, heading the list of University candidates, and entered the Army in March, 1883. He was a good linguist, and had acquired besides other languages a thorough knowledge of Russian, with the hope of it being useful to him in his profession. He was reported as missing when near General M'Neill's Zeriba in the Soudan. He went out on Sunday, the 22nd of March, with a party of three men, and has no doubt fallen.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lafayette, 30, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

#### MAJOR VON BEVERHOUDT

MAJOR JAMES MANDEVILLE WOOD VON BEVERHOUDT, the youngest son of Major Adam von Beverhoudt, formerly of the 58th (Rutlandshire) Regiment, was born 31st of March, 1844. He passed through Sandhurst, and was gazetted Ensign in the 90th Regiment in 1864. In 1869 he entered the Bengal Staff Corps, and was appointed to the 17th Bengal Native Infantry, in which regiment he served, generally on its Staff, until his death. He was promoted to Captain in 1876, and while in this rank he accompanied his regiment through the Afghan War. On his return to Bengal, and whilst the 17th were quartered at Calcutta, he was attached to the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief as Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General. He was promoted to Major in 1884, and on his regiment being selected to form one of the Indian Contingent for service at Suakim, he was, in consequence of Colonel Thomson, the Commandant, having been invalided, given the command.

He was not permitted to enjoy his good fortune any great length of time, as he was unfortunately killed when General M'Neill's force was surprised on the 22nd of March, whilst gallantly attempting to rally his men, broken and disordered by the stampede of the baggage mules and camels. He was a zealous officer, devoted to his profession, and a great favourite in his regiment. His brother, Augustus von Beverhoudt, a Lieutenant in the 38th Regiment, died in India in 1866.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Hawke, 8, George Street, Plymouth.

#### WITH GENERAL GRAHAM AT SUAKIM

"A DETERMINED FOE" was a muscular Arab who refused to surrender to our troops at any price, and finally died fighting to the last.—Of the "Guards' Mess," Mr. Fripp writes:—"Baker's, or M'Neill's Zeriba, as it is sometimes called, was held until the march on Tamai. The troops had a rough time of it, being without tents, but my sketch will show that 'Where there's a will there's a way,' as the ingenious erection by some of the Naval Brigade for the Grenadiers was, under the circumstances, a most welcome shelter from the heat and glare of the sun, although the dust was not to be denied entrance. The materials for the roof were provided by the cloths of camels slain in the Sunday attack, and the walls formed of boxes and hay bales. The men's table was also constructed of the latter.

"Another of my sketches shows the country looking into the mountains from Handoub—the only point out of Suakim that we have occupied for any time since the troops landed a month ago. There is a large supply of brackish water to be procured from the bed of the water-course which is shown in the sketch (on which the men, horses, and camels are standing). In the summer season, it is said that there is a vast expanse of rushing water where the torrents descend from the mountains after thunderstorms, and that consequently a great deal of bridging for the new railway will be necessary. Handoub consists of a miserable hut village, destroyed some months ago by the 19th Hussars, on the occasion when the whole party ran the risk of being cut off and annihilated. The water is found close below the surface of the water-course, around which rise several stone hills from the plain, which are held by infantry in small stone redoubts on the summit of the principal heights."

Respecting the sketch of the Sheikhs negotiating with Mr. Brewster, Mr. Fripp writes:—"On Friday, April 10th, the Sheikhs of the Beni Amer tribes had an interview at Suakim with Mr. Brewster, of the Intelligence Department. They had travelled from the neighbourhood of Kassala to Massowah, and thence to this place, to find out what the intentions of the British Government were. They and their tribes were opposed to joining the rebels. The latter, however, appeared able to coerce them, and what the Beni Amers required was guaranteed protection by the British in case they definitively opposed the Mahdi, as such a step without assistance from us might possibly result in the extermination of their tribes, or at least in their complete ruin. What answer they have received is not known, but to judge by a similar case which occurred next day at Handoub, when some Hamaras Arabs wished to come in, the Government will give no decisive answer. The Hamaras were told that no guarantee could be given to them, although Osman Digma threatened to attack them if they did not join him in three days. The Beni Amer Sheikhs are altogether finer-looking than the Arabs here, although two or three are of the black type. They are all dressed in spotless white clothing."

The sketch of the railway was taken when the works were first begun. As may be seen, the work then was extremely easy, as the ground was perfectly level, and the navvies had only to lay the sleepers and affix the rails. Companies of infantry were busily employed in front and on each flank cutting down the thick bush, which forms such splendid ambush for Osman Digma's followers.

#### THE PRINCESS OF WALES BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL AID SOCIETY

TOWARDS the end of February a number of ladies formed themselves into a Committee to organise a scheme by which the general desire to alleviate the lot of our brave fellows in Egypt and the Soudan might find an outlet. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales put herself at the head of the movement, and in a very short time a Central Committee was appointed, with H.R.H. as President, the Countess of Rosebery as Treasurer, and Mrs. Wilton Phipps as Secretary, assisted by the Lady Maud Wolmer, Miss Higgins, and subsequently Miss Lucy Cohen. In order to utilise existing machinery, the Ladies' Society associated themselves with the already-existing National Aid Society, and, working in thorough harmony with the Army Medical Department, began at once to supplement the Government arrangements by the despatch of stores for the use of the sick and wounded, and also for the use of those to whom the fortunes of war had been more kind. Sub-Committees were formed in all parts of the United Kingdom, and a most gratifying response was made to the appeal for funds and gifts in kind. The sum already expended is over 6,000*l*.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has presented to the Society a Danish wooden hospital hut, and gifts have also been received of beef juice, fruit salt, soda water, books, &c. Four nurses were despatched to Suez, and one of them, Miss Rachel Williams, has just written an interesting account of her experiences in the *Times*. She found the Government arrangements in all substantial matters excellent, but there were many necessary and acceptable extras which the Society has been able to supply, and which have afforded much gratification to the sick and wounded men. Among these extras may be mentioned easy chairs for convalescents, books, and amusements. Miss Williams, accompanied by three Sisters, returned to England with sick and wounded on the *ss. Iberia*.

#### THE REBELLION OF HALF-BREDS IN CANADA UNDER LOUIS RIEL

MR. J. D. FORTIER, of Orillia, Ontario, writes thus concerning his sketches:—"Fort Carlton is one of the most interesting places in the disturbed region, as it is there the first blood was shed, and where probably the most fighting will be. It is a remarkably strong fort, for that country, being all built of square timber, and surrounded by a wooden palisade 23 feet in height. There is a bastion on each corner with port-hole accompaniment. Fort Edmonton is the same, only much larger, and in a more commanding position. Colonel Irvine with 90 men, and Captain Crozier with 100, are now at Carlton, and should be able to hold the fort against Riel until reinforcements arrive. Battleford, 110 miles from Carlton, was formerly the seat of government for the whole North-West territory until it was divided into different parts. The Board of Works, myself among the number, built the Government House and Mounted Police Barracks in 1876-8, and it was at that time these sketches were taken. The city has not changed much since. The Carlton sketch was at the time of the Treaty in 1876, which accounts for the number of Teepee Indians. The sketch of the Half-Breed may be relied on for accuracy. They invariably wear that kind of a hat secured by a string under the chin, as it is always three sizes too small, and of the pancake style, together with the old blue 'H.B.' coat, with two rows of brass buttons on each side, and blanket 'leggings' tying above the knee, heavily ornamented with fringe and dirt. They are, however, splendid horsemen and good marksmen, but, as a rule, not brave. Still, they know those prairies as the Arab knows the desert, and it will be a hard matter for regular troops, especially infantry, to chastise them, for they are as hard to catch as Artemus Ward's flea." Some of these engravings are from photographs sent to us by Mr. James R. Waghorn, of Winnipeg. The Crowfoot Indian chief is said to be a man of remarkable ability, and loyal to the Government.

Louis Riel, the leader of the rebellion in North-Western Canada, was born in Manitoba forty-one years ago, under the old Hudson Bay régime. Of French ancestry with Indian blood, he is well educated and rather fascinating. When the Fenians under O'Donohue thought to invade Manitoba after Riel's suppression in 1869, Riel at once offered his services to Governor Archibald to resist the invaders. In 1873 he was elected one of the Manitoba representatives in Parliament, and actually went to Ottawa to take his seat. He was sworn in by the clerk one day when no one was about, and when the news got abroad there was such a cry for Riel's blood that he left Ottawa without making any farewell calls, and has not been in the Dominion capital since. Soon after, on motion of the present Minister of Customs, Mr. Mackenzie Rowell, Riel was expelled from Parliament, and his seat declared vacant. Since then he has spent most of his time in the United States.

#### AN ARTIST IN ZANZIBAR

See page 469 *et seqq.*

#### "CURLY"

AN ACTOR'S STORY, by John Coleman, illustrated by J. C. Dollman, is continued on page 473.

#### NOTES FROM A SUBALTERN'S DIARY

THE old soldier not unfrequently heaves a sigh when he is ordered on active service, especially if he has a wife and children, and is installed in comfortable quarters. He is personally quite as intrepid as the youngsters, and as eager for promotion and distinction, but he has, as it were, struck deep root into his native soil, and therefore he is loth to depart. The juniors feel little or nothing of this. No doubt they experience a keen though transient heart-pang when parting with mother or sister, or with a dearer one perhaps than either, but altogether their attitude is one of elation. It is in this frame of mind that our artist's illustrations are conceived. They dance for joy when the news comes that they are ordered to the front, and this condition of high spirits continues for long afterwards. Perhaps it is well that youth is possessed of this optimistic temperament, for, if the wounds and sickness and other miseries were clearly perceptible beforehand, there would be no enterprise left. We should become as stationary as oysters.

#### THE JAPANESE VILLAGE,

WHICH has just been accidentally burnt, was erected last January in the interior of Humphreys' Hall, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, under the management of Mr. Tannaker Buhicrosan, whose wife is a Japanese. The village consisted of a broad street of shops and houses, from which rows of smaller shops, forming narrow lanes, were laid out to the right. They were not mere painted fronts, but well-built apartments, each with its own ornamentation of parti-coloured bamboo, with shingled or thatched roofs, and translucent paper instead of glass for the windows. For the rows placed against the sides of the hall, effective landscapes were painted by native artists, whose clever manipulation of two brushes, one for outlining and one for shading, is shown in our engraving. The Japanese colony consisted of over a hundred persons, of whom twenty-six were women and children, and they were engaged in various industrial operations, such as wood-lacquering, pottery-making, carving, inlaying, fan and umbrella-making, and embroidery.

The village, which has been a favourite resort for sightseers, was destroyed by fire on Saturday, May 2nd. Some of the inhabitants had to make a very hasty escape, and one young man lost his life. The firemen could not get at the fire properly on account of the height of the surrounding buildings, and Humphreys' Hall Mansions, buildings which are seven storeys high, ran imminent risk of destruction. As it was, they were considerably damaged. Mr. Buhicrosan, who is reported to have lost 10,000*l*. by the disaster, purposes speedily to rebuild the village.

NOTE.—We omitted last week to state that we are indebted to Mr. W. M. Speer, of Manly Beach, Sydney, an amateur photographer, for the excellent photographs from which the page illustrating the departure from Sydney of the New South Wales Contingent for the Soudan was drawn.

POLITICS are USUALLY ESCHIEVED at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, but at that of Saturday, when returning thanks for the toast of "Her Majesty's Government," Lord Granville could not resist the temptation to express his "somewhat confident hope" that peace with Russia was assured. The Foreign Secretary's intimation produced a rise in the price of English and Russian securities, which has been enhanced by subsequent Ministerial declarations. Consols, which closed on Thursday last week at 95, reached 98½ on Wednesday.



As far as actual business is concerned, the House of Commons has been chiefly occupied through the week by consideration of the Registration Bills. These are prepared in anticipation of the General Election that is to relieve the proverbial dulness of November. They are merely business instruments free from all political bias. As such they might be expected to pass without controversy, and they would doubtless have done so but for an untoward incident that happened on the Irish measure. The Parnellites, leaning about for some means of giving variety and novelty to their constant opposition, conceived the notion of raising on this Bill the great principle of Local Taxation. The Conservatives eagerly came to their assistance, and, in a very thin house, on the question thus sprung the Government were defeated. It is no new sensation for the Liberal Government to meet with reverse on the question of local taxation. It has happened at least twice within the life of the present Parliament. The question directly affects the pockets, not only of the constituencies of Liberal county members, but those of the members themselves. In these circumstances party loyalty snaps like a thread of cotton, and when the issue lies between supporting the Government or bringing them a step nearer to subsidising local rates from the Imperial Exchequer, the Government goes to the wall. Thus it happened on the 17th of April, 1883, when Mr. Pell's motion was carried by a majority of twelve; thus it happened on the Irish Registration Bill in the present year; and thus it very nearly came to pass on Tuesday night.

Warned by the incident of the Irish Registration Bill, the Government attempted to mollify county members by offering a compromise. They proposed to contribute from the Imperial Exchequer a sum of 10,000*l*. towards meeting the charges of Registration in Ireland, 20,000*l*. to England and Wales, and an equivalent sum, based upon a contribution of twopence a name added to the register, to Scotland. This was something gained, but it only encouraged the Opposition to demand all. The Irish members were of course not satisfied, though the grant now proposed was nearly double that which had been eagerly accepted in view of the election of 1868. Sir Massey Lopes had given notice of an amendment on the English Bill raising the whole question of local taxation, and it was determined to go forward with this. The determination was, from a party point of view, justified by the division. As for the debate itself, it was one of the most soul-depressing exercises to which the House of Commons has recently treated itself. Sir Massey Lopes drummed away at the old, old story, presenting it in evident good faith, as if it were new-born. All the familiar orators on this question—Sir Walter Barttelot, Mr. Pell, Mr. W. Fowler, Mr. Paget, Mr. Arnold, and the rest—unearthed their old familiar speeches, and relentlessly redelivered them. They were enabled to do this with the greater impunity, since the danger of detection was minimised to the lowest point by the absence of an audience. Successive speakers addressed a company rarely exceeding twenty, and, as the majority of these were chiefly intent upon their chances of next catching the Speaker's eye, the orator for the moment in possession might say what he pleased.

After midnight some liveliness was introduced into the scene by the appearance of Mr. Warton, whose rising was the signal for a storm of cries for the division. Mr. Staveley Hill, who had just been up, had met with a reception somewhat similar. Even Sir Charles Dilke, replying on the part of the Government, had heard during his speech the unusual cry of "Divide." The House, now crowded in anticipation of the division, seemed really grateful for the opportunity of relieving the monotony of the sitting by hearty uproar. They had just found Mr. Selater-Booth on his feet, and when Mr. Selater-Booth and the subject of local taxation were welded no words can describe the condition to which the House of Commons is reduced. Mr. Warton for some moments bent his head to the storm. But it was too much, even for him, and he resumed his seat in the midst of an unfinished sentence. Then the question was put, the bells clanged through the corridors, and 480 members flocked in to decide upon a question which not ten had heard debated, and of which, perhaps, the odd eighty had here and there listened to a whole speech. The buzz of conversation as the last of the long stream of members in either lobby trickled in foretold a close division. When the figures were announced, and it appeared that Sir Massey Lopes's amendment had been defeated by only 240 members against 237, a ringing triumphant cheer went up from the Conservative ranks. It was true that, as happened on many former occasions, this critical reduction of the Ministerial majority had been largely effected with the assistance of the Parnellites. But there remained the broad and unquestioned result that the Government had escaped defeat by a majority of three.

This incident was not without excitement. But interest has chiefly settled as heretofore upon the negotiations with Russia. On Monday evening the House of Commons was densely crowded in anticipation of a statement by the Premier. His last detailed declaration on the subject was contained in his famous speech when he moved the Vote of Credit, and when he had warned the House not to be too sanguine of a peaceful solution of the question at issue with Russia, at the same time not to abandon all hope. It was reported now that a great and striking change had come over the scene, and members crowded every seat in order to hear the anticipated statement. Amongst the many ways in which Mr. Gladstone differs from Mr. Disraeli is in his manner of making a momentous announcement to the House of Commons. The late Premier always sought to increase the importance of the occasion by the portentousness of his own manner. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, invariably attempts to minimise the momentous character of any announcement he may have to make to the House. On Monday, having to inform the House that, suddenly and unexpectedly, out of the dark war cloud had flashed the sunlight of peace, he assumed an air suitable to the announcement that a particular Bill would be taken on the next day.

At the outset he amused the House by the careful steps he took to bring discomfiture on Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. That indefatigable gentleman, alive to the importance of the occasion, had attempted to associate himself with it by putting a series of questions which, if answered, would disclose the bearings of the whole situation. Mr. Gladstone was, however, determined not to be drawn by the Member for Eye. The proper person to question the Leader of the House on an occasion like this was the Leader of the Opposition. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, by making haste, fired off his question before Sir S. Northcote could rise. The Premier, however, quietly declined to enter upon the points suggested by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's questions, adding that presently it would be his duty to make a statement. "At what hour will the statement be made?" said Sir Stafford Northcote. Interpreting the inquiry as relating to the whole subject, the Premier, amid loud laughter and cheers, replied, "I will make the statement at once." He thus gained his object, and it was in reply to Sir Stafford Northcote, not Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, that he communicated to the House of Commons the momentous information with which he was charged.

This news, as opening up the prospect of an honourable peace, was hailed with loud cheers from the Liberals. Its reception on the other side was very different. At first the Conservatives sat silent,



but regained their spirits under a series of contentious questions put from the Front Bench and elsewhere. They were gradually led up to the height, at which they vociferously cheered the speech in which Lord Randolph Churchill characterised the prospect of peace as "a base and cowardly surrender." The proposal to agree to the report stage of the Vote of Credit made an opening for this speech and others much less lively. A determined attempt was made to postpone the settlement of the question, and three divisions, bringing the sitting up to half-past two in the morning, were taken. At this point the Conservatives gave in, accepting a suggestion by the Premier to renew the discussion on the succeeding stage. This step the Parnellites, who had been fighting side by side with the Conservatives, hotly denounced as treachery, and taking another division on their own account the report of the Vote of Credit was agreed to by 130 votes against 20.



LORD SALISBURY made an incisive and epigrammatic speech to a Conservative gathering at Hackney on Tuesday. He ridiculed the importance which the Government had attached to Penjdeh, and which, it turned out, the Ameer did not wish to possess. Lord Salisbury, indeed, maintained that it has been altogether a mistake to negotiate for a delimitation of the remote Afghan frontier with a Power on whose fulfilment of any agreement no reliance can be placed. The construction of the vital railway which Lord Beaconsfield had projected to Candahar would have enabled us to put a force into Afghanistan which would have made even General Komaroff pause. It was in that direction that our safety against Russian advances must be looked for. The alliance of the Ameer was not to be despised, but if we wished to defend the frontier of India we must do it ourselves. Criticising Mr. Childers' financial proposals, Lord Salisbury would have preferred more taxation of foreign luxuries, and less on the products of our own soil. Some of the increased duties would check the growth of barley, and thus increase that conversion of arable into pasture land, which, by diminishing the demand for agricultural labour, drove agricultural labourers into the over-crowded towns. The Budget levied an additional taxation on lands and houses already overburdened. Four-fifths of the whole property of the country escaped the payment of rates and taxes which were levied on one-fifth. If the wealth of London, as well as its houses, were taxed, the metropolitan education rate would be reduced from 10d. to 2d. in the pound.

SPEAKING ON WEDNESDAY in support of Mr. Lionel Cohen's candidature for North Paddington, Lord Randolph Churchill made a slashing speech against the Government, whom, in their dealings with the Russo-Afghan question, he accused of deluding and betraying their country into a great surrender of national and imperial interests simply in order to gain the Nonconformist vote at the General Election. Lord Randolph Churchill concluded his philippic by calling on the Conservatives in the House of Commons to stop the supplies, and thus change the Government.

"ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN AFGHANISTAN, WHO SHALL BE MISTRESS?" was the question to which Professor Vamberg undertook to give an answer—it is needless to say what answer—in an address delivered on Tuesday to the Constitutional Union, Mr. E. Stanhope in the chair. The Professor condemned the indulgence which had allowed Russia to advance as far as she had done in Central Asia, and said that if we gave in at Penjdeh it would be Herat next, and then Candahar and the Bolan Pass. In the present emergency forbearance towards Russia was the greatest sin. He believed that war was unavoidable between England and Russia, and the sooner it came the better for this country.

MRS. GLADSTONE was present, and made a brief sympathetic speech, at a substantial free breakfast which she gave on Tuesday morning in the Mission Hall of the London Congregational Union to 300 unemployed dock labourers. Among the speakers was the Marquis of Lorne, who made some decidedly opportune and suggestive remarks on emigration. Industrial depression being general, and there being distress even in Canada, he pointed out that it was necessary for the intending emigrant to bear in mind the maxim, "Look before you leap." He recommended a federation of existing emigration societies, so as to form a central intelligence department.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE will in June succeed Lord Aberdare as President of the Royal Geographical Society.

LORD SHAFTESBURY has sufficiently recovered to be able to take the chair and to speak at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society on Wednesday. His appearance on the platform was greeted with rounds of applause, the whole meeting rising as he entered.

THE VACANCY IN THE HEAD MASTERSHIP OF HARROW SCHOOL, caused by the elevation of Dr. Montagu Butler to the Deanery of Gloucester, has been filled by the election of Dr. J. E. C. Welldon, Head Master of Dulwich College and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who was last year Dr. Warne's unsuccessful competitor for the Head Mastership of Eton.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Labour Representative Union it was intimated that in six of the metropolitan boroughs labour candidates had been selected to stand at the General Election.

ALICE AYRES, the young woman of twenty-six, whose heroic conduct at the fire in Union Street, Borough, and subsequent death was chronicled in this column last week, was buried on Monday, in Isleworth Cemetery, in the presence of a large assemblage, which included twenty girls in white from the school which she had herself attended.

AT A QUARTER TO TWO on Wednesday morning a fire was discovered to have broken out at the back of the premises occupied by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, the well-known upholsterers and furnishing warehousemen, of Oxford Street. A number of engines were soon on the spot, but, from the highly inflammable nature of the contents, one range of buildings of four floors, used as workshops, was completely burned out, and another partially destroyed, before, about six o'clock, the flames were thoroughly subdued.

THE NEW SAFE DEPOSIT in the large block of buildings at the northern end of Chancery Lane was formally opened by the Lord Mayor on Thursday evening last, when a grand banquet, at which his lordship presided, was afterwards given to more than 150 guests, among whom were the Sheriffs of the City, several members of both Houses of Parliament, many representatives of the Bar, and heads of important mercantile firms. The Safe Deposit, which has been constructed by Mr. Thomas Clarke, now forms a prominent feature in the great legal thoroughfare, and attracts much attention both on account of its artistic merits and scientific construction. It has been erected regardless of cost, and will doubtless be greatly appreciated by many who need a perfectly safe stronghold for the custody of documents and other valuables. But, independent of its utility, it is well worth a visit, as an example of what modern skill and ingenuity can effect to make a building absolutely safe against fires and burglars.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his eighty-first year, of the Hon. E. T. Yorke, brother of the fourth Earl of Hardwick, who, from 1835 to 1865, represented Cambridgeshire in the Conservative interest; of Mr. J. Chaine, M.P., since 1874 Conservative member for County Antrim; of Mr. J. F. Hargrave, formerly of Lincoln's Inn, and late a Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney, New South Wales; of Mr. Borlase Adams, an active Middlesex magistrate, long the Chairman of the Committee of Visitors of the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, and one of the oldest members of the Metropolitan Board of Works; of Major John M'Blaine, Quartermaster of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, who served with distinction in the Crimean War, and was present with his battalion at Tel-el-Kebir; and at Highgate, of small-pox, on his way back to Canada from the Soudan, of Colonel Kennedy, who commanded, to Lord Wolseley's complete satisfaction, the corps of Canadian voyageurs brought over to assist in the transport of the expedition up the Nile.



CARL ROSA OPERA.—Mr. Thomas's *Esmeralda* was revived on Saturday, with Madame Burns, Messrs. M'Guckin, Crotty, and Ludwig in their original parts. The representation, under the conduct of Mr. Randegger, was on the whole a particularly good one. In furtherance of the cause of French music, to which Mr. Carl Rosa seems inclined to devote a great part of his brief season, M. Massenet's *Manon* was announced for Thursday. The full rehearsal was held on Wednesday, but the composer was not present. It is not now necessary to describe the plot of *Manon*, the story of which was printed in the *Graphic* of January 14th, shortly after the production of Mr. Bennett's English version at Liverpool. If not a libretto which an English composer would have accepted without hesitation, the scenes are laid out with picturesque effect, and Mr. Bennett has endeavoured to tone down some of the less pleasant of the details. The character of Manon is no, in fact, altogether dissimilar to that of Carmen, avarice and the love of finery being, however, in the newer opera the primary motive of the heroine's misdeeds. Her flirtations and elopements, indeed, occur so frequently, that long before the end of the opera such familiar incidents become almost monotonous. On the other hand, the scene in the courtyard of the inn, the revels in the Cours la Reine, and the gambling-room scene (borrowed, even down to the appearance of the "heavy father," in great part from *La Traviata*) are full of life and bustle. M. Massenet's music is entirely different from that of his previous opera, *Le Roi de Lahore*. The composer has now harked back to the school of Auber and Boieldieu. At times, notably in the third act, he seems to have passed to a still older epoch, and to have brought to bear his recollections of the music of Lulli and Jean Philippe Rameau. Another remarkable feature is the enlarged use he has made of that which is technically known as *melodrame*. Dialogue is essential at the Paris Opéra Comique, but latter-day audiences laugh at the incongruity of "talking about fish, I will sing you a song of Jonah." So M. Massenet has accompanied the whole of his spoken dialogue with elaborate orchestral passages, which often supply comment on the text. *Melodrame* was supposed to have been invented by Benda about a century ago, but Beethoven, in *Fidelio*, used it sparingly, and both Weber and Mendelssohn fully recognised its advantages. M. Massenet has developed and amplified the idea, and has, we think, carried it to a logical conclusion. Madame Marie Roze's brilliant and intellectual creation of the character of the heroine is likely to be considered one of the greatest successes of her career. Indeed, in so essentially Gallic a subject, the distinguished French *prima donna* is necessarily seen entirely at her best.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.—The decease of the eminent Welsh musician, Mr. Brinley Richards, will be lamented in England as well as in the Principality. His death was painfully sudden. On the Wednesday of last week he gave his lessons as usual at the Royal Academy, and wrote letters to his friends. On Thursday he was taken ill of congestion of the lungs, and on Friday he died. Born at Carmarthen in 1819, the son of a local organist, he entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1834, and during the following year was elected to the second of the King's Scholarships, which were founded the previous year. His career, apart from his duties as a pianoforte teacher and composer, was typically Welsh. He gave warm encouragement to Welsh artists, notably to Miss Mary Davies and Madame Edith Wynne, and he was chiefly instrumental in bringing to London the Welsh Choral Union thirteen years ago. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Welsh Eisteddfodau, and in his valuable lectures on national art he fearlessly assailed the absurd pretensions advanced by some of his too patriotic countrymen to the possession of music and musical literature long before such things were known in these islands. The antiquity of Cymric music may be beyond question, but Mr. Brinley Richards himself failed to recognise in certain Welsh tunes the identical melodies sung by Miriam the prophetess, and played (on a Welsh harp) by David before Saul. Mr. Richards' most popular song was "God Bless the Prince of Wales," but he composed a good deal of music of a far higher order of merit.

CONCERTS.—The summer season has commenced with a vengeance, and we can only very briefly refer to the concerts of the week. On Saturday the Duke of Edinburgh played at the concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestra at the Albert Hall, and was encored in the violin part of the Handel-Helmberger *Largo*. The Rev. K. T. Pierson conducted Romberg's *Zoy* symphony played by a party of about seventy amateurs, and Mrs. S. L. Beddington, a niece of Mr. C. K. Salaman was the pianist.—Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff gave a concert, and was assisted by Miss Ehrenberg and other artists.—Señor Sarasate attracted a crowded audience to his concert, but his reading of the Beethoven concerto—effeminate, and by no means in accordance with Beethoven traditions—pleased the ladies more than connoisseurs.—At the Crystal Palace the summer season commenced with Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*.—The Richter programme on Monday included Liszt's weird *Mefisto* Walzer, the "Siegfried Idyll," a Haydn symphony, and the C minor of Beethoven, a strong if familiar scheme.—Concerts of which no further mention is practicable have also been given by Mr. F. Penna, the Kensington Ladies' Choir, Miss Syngé, the Musical Artists' Society, Mrs. Elliott and others (for the restoration of St. Peter's Church), Mdlle. Lilas Spontini, Miss Amina Goodwin, Mr. George Gear, Mr. Sinclair Dunn, Miss Eva Lynn, Miss Amy Hickling, Miss Beatrice Watson, Miss Le Brun, and others.—Lastly on Wednesday Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted the penultimate Philharmonic Concert, and Herr Dvorák held the *baton* for his concerto in G minor, played by Mr. Franz Rummel.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Lady Benedict has announced her readiness to undertake the professional duties of her husband. But as the rules of the Royal Academy of Music, for some occult reason, exclude lady professors, the class of Sir Julius at that institution has been temporarily handed over to Mr. Harold Thomas.—Dvorák's new symphony has been accepted for the Hereford Festival. The composer will conduct.—Madame Nilsson's first appearance at a concert this season will be at the Balfé celebration on the 10th prox. at the Albert Hall.—The veteran contralto Albani

has been compelled, owing to advancing age, to decline an invitation to sing at a charitable concert in Paris this month.—It is stated that the libretto of *Nadeshda* is a version of the Finnish author Runneberg's "Nadeschda."—Mr. Mapleson is expected in London next week, when the question of Italian opera at Covent Garden this season will be finally decided.—Mr. Charles Santley was announced to take the chair at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians on Thursday.—King Ludwig of Bavaria is continuing his series of operatic performances, at which he is the only individual besides the performers allowed to be present. On April 20th—27th four representations of Wagner's *Parsifal* were given in this extraordinary fashion for His Majesty's behoof.—We are authorised by Herr Franke to state that he has entirely abandoned his scheme to give German Opera at Covent Garden this season.



MAIZE-YELLOW, sky-blue, and rosebud are the favourite Parisian colours this spring.

A PIKE WEIGHING HALF-A-POUND was caught last week in the Thames off Cannon Street Bridge.

THE MUCH-TALKED-OF BILL for creating a Public Park along the American side of Niagara Falls has now become law.

THE WELL-KNOWN PARISIAN CARICATURIST, "André Gill," died at Paris last week. His real name was Alexandre Gosset de Guiness.

VESUVIUS IS AGAIN IN A STATE OF ERUPTION. Last Saturday after loud subterranean reports two streams of lava suddenly issued from openings below the crater, a short distance above the upper station of the Funicular Railway. The lava ran towards Torre del Greco and Pompeii, and presented a brilliant spectacle.

A RECENT EARTHQUAKE has sadly upset a pct Brahmin theory—namely, that Benares is not part of this sinful earth, but situated just outside. Since the Holy City has been visited by a subterranean tremor, however, the worthy Brahmins have—the *Times of India* tells us—been somewhat nonplussed, as it is evident that what shakes the earth also affects Benares.

AN AMUSING PROTEST against the much-abused custom of operatic *encores* has been made by an Italian *impresario*. "Persons who may wish certain portions of the opera and any particular dance from the ballet repeated must enter their names at the Box Office. At the end of the performance, on payment of a second fee, they will be entitled to have a second performance of such excerpts as they may desire."

EUROPE has not even yet given up supplying the New World with edibles. From April to September nineteen million two hundred thousand eggs were shipped across the Atlantic from Belgium, Hamburg, and the greatest egg-market in the world, Antwerp. It appears that in the United States few farmers have hitherto paid any or great attention to fowl raising. They are now beginning to think over the matter, but nature is too slow for the Americans, and so brisk inquiries are being made as to the best means of hatching artificially.

GORDON, TENNYSON, AND WHITTIER.—In reply to a letter from the poet Whittier about General Gordon, Lord Tennyson has written:—

"DEAR MR. WHITTIER,—Your request has been forwarded to me, and I herein send you an epitaph for Gordon in our Westminster Abbey—i.e., for his cenotaph:—

Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,  
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan;  
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know  
Th' earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man.

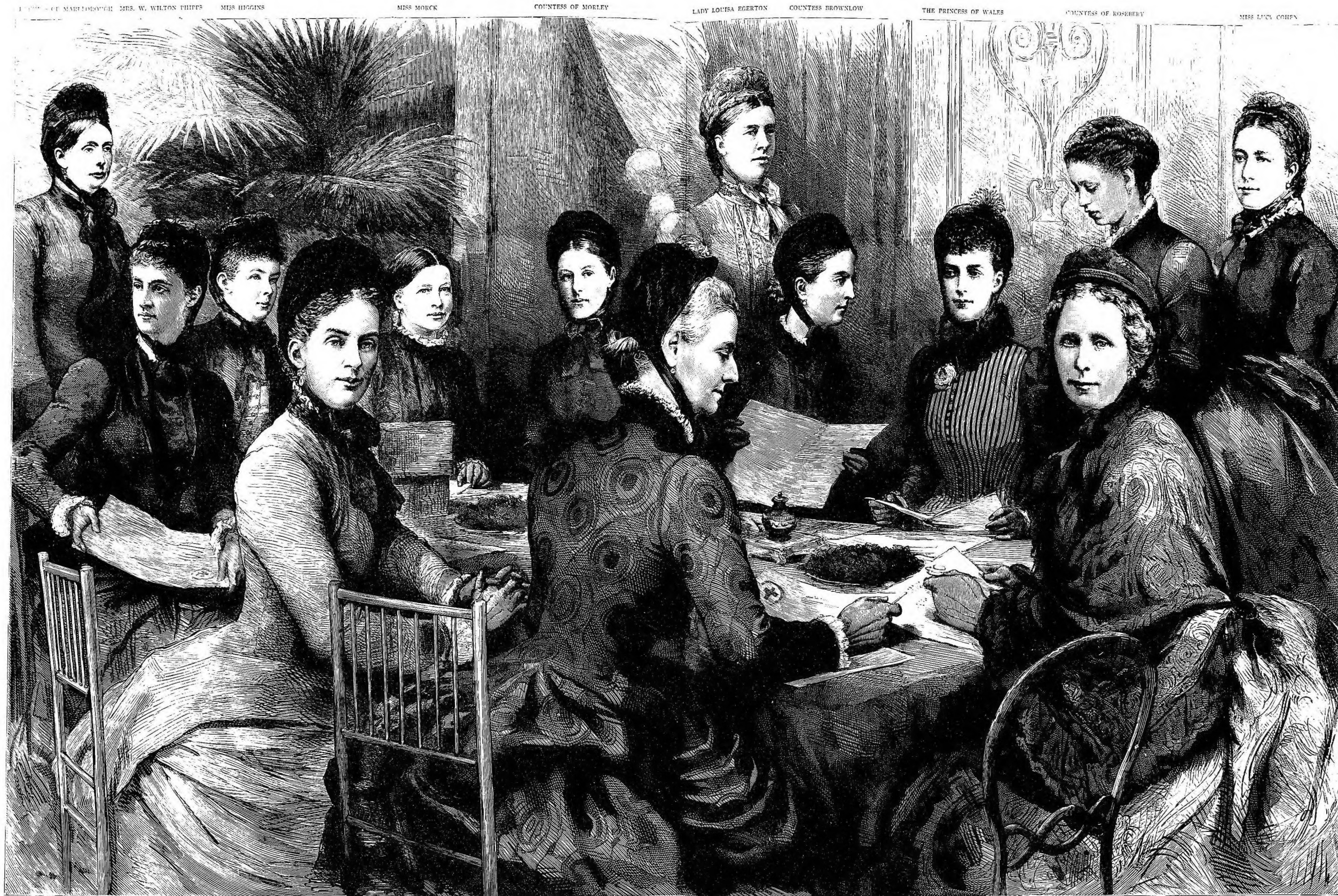
"With best wishes, yours very faithfully,

"TENNYSON."

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,549 deaths were registered against 1,743 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 194, being 174 below the average, and at the rate of 19.8 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any week since February. There were 32 deaths from small-pox (a fall of 7, and 2 above the average), 99 deaths from measles (a decrease of 4, but exceeding the average by 46), 12 from scarlet fever (a decline of 18), 15 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 51 from whooping-cough (a fall of 6), 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 5), 1 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, and not one either from typhus or from cholera. The Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals contained 1,282 small-pox patients at the end of last week against 1,034 the previous week, the new admission having risen from 246 to 354. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 337, a decline of 44, and were 59 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 64 deaths: 48 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 8 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Twelve cases of suicide were registered, exceeding the average by 3. There were 2,561 births registered against 2,541 during the previous week, and were 275 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 51.9 deg. and 3.4 deg. above the average. There were 39.2 hours of registered bright sunshine in London against 41.8 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

THE PARIS SALON this year has been cynically christened the "Salon des Massacres," and not wholly without justice, as many of the chief pictures illustrate deeds of violence. Thus, M. Benjamin Constant, in his "Justice de Chérif," shows the execution of a whole posse of that dignitary's wives; M. Bonnat, in his "Décollation de Saint Denis," depicts the saint picking up his freshly decapitated head; M. Albert Maignan exhibits the "Death of William the Conqueror"; M. Mercié, "Michael Angelo Dissecting"; M. Rochegrosse, in his "Jacquerie," shows the invasion of a chateau by a band of rebel peasants; M. Barrias, the "Deathbed of Chopin"; while there are other similarly ghastly pictures by less renowned artists. Another feature is the large size of many of the canvasses, while a third characteristic is the scarcity of religious subjects, and the evident effect that the naturalist school of *littérateurs*—of Zola, Goncourt, and Daudet—has had upon French art. Witness Roll's huge "House Building on the Quai de Suresnes," in which all poetry is sunk in absolute realism. Far different is M. Cabanel in his "Jephtha's Daughter Lamenting," M. Boulanger in his group of the Gracchi, M. Gérôme's study of the "Women's Bath at Broussa," Mdlle. Pharaon's "Girl Gathering Mulberries," and M. Bouguereau's "Adoration of the Shepherds," and the same painter's "Biblis," representing the nymph being transformed into a brook—all of which show that grace and delicacy of treatment which is so great a charm of the French school. One of the most noteworthy pictures is Gervex's group of the Salon Jury, while Israëls sends a capriciously-composed subject, "Dutch Soldiers Leaving Rotterdam for the Indies." M. Jules Breton a touching family group, "The Last Sunbeam," and M. Jean Béraud a powerful but repulsive "Interior of Charenton Lunatic Asylum." As usual, the American school is exceedingly well represented.





DUCHESS OF HULLCULCH

HON. LADY LOYD-LINDSAY

MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY

THE WORKING COMMITTEE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES' BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL AID SOCIETY  
A PORTRAIT GROUP—FROM SKETCHES MADE AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE





THE relations between ENGLAND and RUSSIA have suddenly become more peaceful. The St. Petersburg Cabinet have accepted Mr. Gladstone's proposal that the circumstances attending the unfortunate encounter at Penjdeh should be submitted to arbitration. To quote Mr. Gladstone's exact words, "They (England and Russia) are ready to refer to the judgment of the Sovereign of a friendly State any differences which may be found to subsist in regard to the interpretation of the agreement between the two Cabinets on March 16, with a view to the settlement of the matter in a mode consistent with the honour of both States." The Arbitrator after investigating the circumstances is to decide which country is to make an *amende*. Meanwhile negotiations with regard to the main points of the delimitation of the Afghan frontier are to be resumed in London, and Sir Peter Lumsden and Colonel Stewart are accordingly to return from Central Asia. The former is said to have resigned, as he differs from the policy of the Home Government. The details of the delimitation will be settled by Commissioners on the spot, as had been originally arranged. These negotiations, it is stated, will be greatly facilitated by the fuller knowledge of the Ameer's views which was ascertained at Rawul Pindi, and also by "valuable topographical information" which has reached the India Office. Russia, on her side, has expressed her willingness to consider as to the removal of the Russian outposts when the Commissioners meet, and agrees to the neutralisation of Penjdeh during the negotiations. The King of Denmark has been asked and has consented to be Arbitrator.

A deep feeling of relief has been caused throughout Europe by this news, as, despite all assertions to the contrary, it was considered that an Anglo-Russian war could not be localised, but would in all probability lead to a general conflagration. This was especially the case in Austria, whose border population could scarcely have been restrained from paying off old scores to Russia, and thus have set the whole Balkan Peninsula aflame. The pessimist feeling so prevalent last week has since given way to a tone of almost ultra-optimism, though Russia is generally credited with a virtual victory, and England with having surrendered her pretensions. Meanwhile the preparations for war on both sides are in no way slackened. Russia has closed the port of Cronstadt, is preparing her much-talked-of torpedo fleet, is fortifying her Finnish coasts, and fitting out every available war vessel she possesses, even to small unarmed river steamers built a quarter of a century ago. The troops in the south have been mobilised, and the Russian Press has still been harping upon the necessity of seizing Herat. During the last few days, however, a far more peaceable tone prevailed in St. Petersburg, and the fact that M. de Giers at length prevailed upon the Czar to summon the State Council, by which the proffer of arbitration was accepted, is regarded as a decided triumph for M. de Giers and the peace party. To turn to India, the war preparations have been vigorously pushed forward, and large quantities of arms and ammunition are being forwarded to the Ameer, who, as a result of the Rawul Pindi Durbars, is expected to place his army on a serviceable war footing. Persia is stated to be ready to throw in her lot with England in the event of hostilities, while China is now declared to be willing to ally herself with England in the event of war, and to place her army and her fleet under British officers.

IN EGYPT the *Bosphore Egyptian* question has been settled. M. Tallandier, the French Diplomatic Agent, returned to Cairo on Saturday, and on Sunday Nubar Pasha called on him, and expressed the regret of his Government at the incident attending the suppression of the journal. M. Serrière's printing office has accordingly been reopened, but it is understood that the *Bosphore Egyptian* will not be permitted to reappear. Its proprietor, however, issued a circular announcing that the paper would be again published in a day or so; but Sir Evelyn Baring having remonstrated with M. Tallandier, the latter undertook to prohibit this until he had received instructions from his Government. To turn to the war in the Soudan, Lord Wolseley and Lord Charles Beresford arrived at Suakim, and have been carefully inspecting the various positions. Our advanced post, as also the railway terminus, is still at Otao, but on Wednesday a march forward was ordered, and the Mounted Infantry, the Bengal Lancers, and the Camel Corps made a successful raid on Saidoun's headquarters in the Debarat Valley. The village of Thakool was surprised, looted, and burnt, the well blown up, and a large number of sheep captured. The enemy lost about fifty. Our casualties were four wounded. The troops are now suffering severely from the heat, and the cavalry have been transferred from their small tents to the large Indian tents, while the Indian coolies who were being sent home in the *Jumna* were recalled at Aden, so as to make themselves useful in erecting huts, and other shelters. The natives continue to appear in detached parties, and occasionally open fire upon one or other of our camps. Sometimes they cut the telegraph lines, tear up and burn the sleepers of the railway, which, however, is now patrolled by an armoured train. From the southwards the health of our troops on the Nile, particularly at Debbeh, seems to be very bad, and typhoid fever is making great havoc in the ranks. The rebellion against the Mahdi seems to be making great progress, while his troops have been severely defeated by the garrison of Senaar on the Blue Nile. The Nile is exceptionally low this year, and at the Rosetta mouth the salt water has encroached several miles, so that the inhabitants are terribly short of fresh water.

FRANCE is still enjoying a spell of political quietude. The negotiations with China are proceeding favourably, and Tonkin has now been completely evacuated by Chinese troops, whilst the Black Flags on the Red River are also retreating towards Laokai. At home political circles are tranquil. The Chambers have reassembled, it is true, but no noteworthy business has been done. Indeed, the chief topic of the day is the strike of journeymen tailors in Paris, which has caused all the clothing establishments to close. The men number some sixty and the women thirty thousand. They demand an advance of a penny an hour, an hour and a-half for their *déjeuner*, and the abolition of basement workshops. Irrepressible Louise Michel has once more come to the front. The Government has offered to liberate her; but she refused her freedom unless Prince Krapotkin and the other imprisoned Anarchists were also pardoned. The Cabinet declined to do this; but it is probable that a general amnesty will be declared on the National Fête Day, July 14.—The Suez Canal Commission has been busily at work, and has decided several burning questions. Thus, no Power will be allowed, either in time of peace or of war, to station more than two ships of war in the vicinity of the Canal; but Egypt and Turkey have been exempted from the prohibition against acts of hostility, and disembarking troops in the Canal, in all cases where such measures may be necessary for the defence of Egypt.

IN BELGIUM the Antwerp Exhibition was opened on Saturday by the King and Queen with all due ceremony. At present the buildings are unfinished, and everything is backward; but in a few weeks the Exhibition promises to be a show of great interest. On Monday the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London went in state to the King's

Palace at Brussels to offer the congratulations of the City of London, to quote the words of the address, on the "great work which your Majesty has performed in the interests of civilisation by the creation of the Congo Free State in the heart of the Dark Continent of Africa. Deeply interested as is the City of London in all that concerns the progress of religious, humane, and commercial principles, and in the suppression of slavery and the slave trade, we, the Corporation of that City, recognise in the enlightened, philanthropic, and disinterested efforts of your Majesty, and the bloodless victory wrought thereby, a triumph far grander than the greatest achievements of the sword." The King made a suitable reply, enlarged upon the capabilities of the New Free State, announced that the fundamental basis of its constitution was free import to all merchandise, and begged his visitors to impress upon the great London merchants his hope that they would, to the best of their ability, encourage and assist the trade of the new country.

IN THE UNITED STATES, the colliers are extensively on strike at Joliet, Illinois, and in the neighbourhood of Chicago, and troops have been sent to the districts to maintain order. On Monday the troops were attacked by a mob 1,000 strong, who dispersed, however, after the first volley.—The trial of Richard Short, the man who stabbed Thomas Phelan in O'Donovan Rossa's office in January, has at last begun.—Maxwell, the alleged murderer of Mr. Preller, has been arrested.—Mr. Edward Phelps, the new United States Minister to England, left New York for Southampton on Wednesday.

IN CENTRAL AMERICA General Aizpuru and other prominent leaders are now in the custody of the Colombian Government. Martial law has been declared in the Isthmus of Panama, and peace is in a fair way of being restored. Admiral Jouett has accordingly been ordered to withdraw all the garrison as soon as he considers it safe to do so. The United States has also concluded a Treaty with the Colombian Government providing for a joint protectorate over the Isthmus.

IN CANADA the telegraphic communication with General Middleton has been restored. He is still halting at Baroche Crossing, and the rebels are said to be endeavouring to get round his rear. Meantime the troops have been gradually surrounding the Indians in the Battleford and Edmonton region, and on Sunday Colonel Otter successfully attacked the Chief Poundmaker's Reserve, routed the Indians, and drove them from their quarters. The force operating against Riel in the Prince Albert district has been reinforced, and has begun active operations. The war feeling in Canada is now thoroughly aroused, and there is little doubt but that the rising will be very shortly put down. Riel's scouts have failed in their attempt to incite the Indian and Half-Breeds in the Qu'Appelle region, and it is believed that his followers are deserting him. There is plenty of enthusiasm for England in the event of a Russian war, and there would be no lack of volunteers. The Canadian Pacific Railway have notified that it can now undertake to transport any amount of torpedoes and other war material for coast defence.

OF MISCELLANEOUS NEWS we hear from ITALY that the Vatican is in a serious dilemma between the Congress of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops now at Rome and the British Government with regard to the appointment of the new Bishop of Dublin. The Bishops urge the nomination of Dr. Walsh as obnoxious to the British Government, which on the other hand desires the elevation of Dr. Donnelly.—In AUSTRIA-HUNGARY the Hungarian Exhibition at Pesth has been opened with considerable pomp by the Emperor. The show is said to be an exceptionally remarkable and interesting display of Magyar products.—In DENMARK a law has been promulgated forbidding the importation or possession of arms and drill in the use of weapons, as facilities in this respect are "likely to be abused to the prejudice of the State."—In GREECE a new Cabinet has at length been formed under M. Deliyannis.—In BULGARIA there were some disturbances between the Bulgarians and Greeks on St. George's Day.—AUSTRALIA has been looking to her defences in the event of war between England and Russia, and VICTORIA in particular has been making great exertions to place the colony in a position for defence.—In NEW SOUTH WALES the revenue returns continue to show a marked increase.



THE Queen has returned home from Germany, and with the Princess Beatrice arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday evening. Before leaving Darmstadt Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, drove to Schönberg and called on Count and Countess Erbach. On Thursday the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, Princess Irene, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, went to Rosenhöhe and visited the Mausoleum, Her Majesty afterwards drove through the principal streets of the town, and subsequently left for England accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Louis of Battenberg, and her infant. Her Majesty embarked on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and on reaching Port Victoria travelled by special train to Windsor. On Sunday Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel; the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, assisted by the Rev. Thomas J. Rowlson, officiated. On Monday Her Majesty went out with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, who subsequently left with her children for Germany on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Waldeck at Arolsen. Princess Christian dined with the Queen in the evening. On Tuesday the Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter were introduced to Her Majesty. Two Drawing-Rooms, the last of the season, will be held at Buckingham Palace on the 13th and 18th inst.; the first will be held by Her Majesty, the second by the Princess of Wales. The Queen will leave Windsor for Balmoral about the 22nd of this month for five weeks. There are to be two more *levées*.

The Prince of Wales opened the South Kensington Subway on Saturday morning, and subsequently, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Albert Victor, dined at the Royal Academy. The Princess of Wales, with Prince George, went to the Comedy Theatre to see *Bad Boys*. On Sunday the Prince and Princess with their daughters attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince, accompanied by the Princess, their daughters, together with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, opened the Exhibition of Inventions. On arriving at the Exhibition a procession was formed of the Royal party, and a circuit of the building having been made, Sir Frederick Bramwell, F.R.S., read a short address, to which the Prince responded, declaring the Exhibition open. The procession was then re-formed, and after a brief stay in the Pavilion the Prince and Princess left by the private entrance. Prince Albert Victor returned on Monday to Great Yarmouth, and Prince George to Portsmouth.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited Bethnal Green on Monday and opened the East London Industrial Exhibition, together with two enclosures as public gardens.—The children of the Duke and Duchess have returned to Windsor, and will accompany the Queen to Balmoral.—The Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters will shortly visit Windsor.



THE MEMBERS of the Upper House of Convocation having been asked in a *gravamen*, signed by forty members of the Lower House, to oppose in their legislative capacity the sanction by Parliament of the decision of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to grant land at Highgate and elsewhere for public recreation grounds, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the application no encouragement. On the contrary, in the course of his reply, the Primate declared it to be the duty of the Church to consider the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of the people, and represented the Ecclesiastical Commissioners as of opinion that their provision of open spaces was as much a matter of justice as of mercy. The Bishops of London and Chichester added to the Primate's their expression of approval of the step taken by the Commissioners.

THE DEATH, by apoplexy, in his sixty-ninth year, is announced of the Rev. Dr. Currey, Master of the Charterhouse, where he was born, his father being then its Preacher, and where he was educated. Going to St. John's College, Cambridge, he became, after a distinguished University career, a Fellow and Tutor of his College. In 1849 he was appointed Preacher at the Charterhouse, and in 1871 its Master. In the following year he became a Prebendary of St. Paul's, and in 1877 one of the Examining Chaplains of the Bishop of Rochester. He was an active member of the Committee of the S.P.C.K., and frequently took the Chair at the Board Meetings of the S.P.G., distinguishing himself in times of controversy by his tact and moderation. Dr. Currey was a contributor to the "Speaker's Commentary."

PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the National Temperance League, in Exeter Hall, and acknowledging a resolution of welcome, the Bishop of London said that, speaking as a total abstainer, he had long ago learned the difference between "come along" and "go along." If they desired to lead it must be by example, and not by precept. He saw no method that presented the same prospect of success, and if any other had been generally successful, it was because it had moved side by side with total abstinence.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, on Tuesday, of the Church Missionary Society, presided over by the Earl of Chichester, the report presented gave a very favourable account of the work done during the year, and a promising sketch of the extension of operations contemplated, which include a Gordon Memorial Mission Fund in the Soudan. The general expenditure had been upwards of 200,000*l.*, besides payment from special funds. The Bishop of London supported the claims of the Society, pointing out as a distinct call to missionary exertion that vast improvement in the means of communication which made India as speedily accessible from England as Scotland was 150 years ago.

ON TUESDAY, an American gentleman, representing Mr. J. R. Lowell, the United States Minister, publicly unveiled a Shakespeare Memorial Window in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon, subscribed for exclusively by American visitors to the poet's resting-place. The subject represented is the poet's own "Seven Ages of Man," illustrated from the Bible. The Mayor and Corporation of Stratford, the trustees of the house in which Shakespeare was born, were among the many persons present.

THE COMMITTEE of the Congregational Union of England and Wales have unanimously appointed the Rev. J. Thomas, D.D., pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church, Netherfield Road, Liverpool, to become the Chairman of the Union in succession to the late Dr. Rees, of whom he had been for many years the friend and fellow-worker. Dr. Rees was buried at Swansea on Wednesday, no fewer than 30,000 persons attending the funeral. Most religious communities and both political parties were represented, the Archdeacon of Llandaff and other Church dignitaries, with 500 ministers of different Denominations from all parts of the kingdom, being among those present.

THE NEW GREAT WESTERN HALL OF THE SALVATION ARMY, at Paddington, referred to in this column last week, was opened on Saturday, and as many people as it could accommodate (some 3,000) were present. The usual devotional exercises were diversified by an appeal from General Booth for subscriptions, and promises of subscriptions towards the 3,000*l.* which of the total cost of the hall, 7,500*l.* remained to be collected. Slips of paper were distributed for this purpose, and were returned containing promises, cheques, and coins, very roughly estimated at 2,000*l.* in *esse* and in *posse*.



THE welcome accorded to Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the rest of the Lyceum company on their return from the United States by the vast audience assembled on Saturday evening at the LYCEUM Theatre lacked none of the cordiality of similar occasions in the past. The "floral tributes," as our modern Osrics prefer to call their offerings of nosegays, were even more profuse, and showed a more marked tendency than before to take the form of those wreaths with heroic symbols which have been in all times the acknowledged reward of triumphant generalship. Even the anger of that section of the pitites and gallery folk who did not happen to have got the best numbered seat, or otherwise to have profited by the new arrangements, was courteously kept down till the conclusion of the performance; and loud and persistent as were the cries of the dissatisfied, they were of a kind which is not unwelcome to the ear of the actor-manager, for they were the crowning proof of the public interest in the doings of the Lyceum management. The perfect good temper which Mr. Irving displayed on the occasion, therefore, was natural enough; but the tact of his final quotation from the play then just ended—

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do to express his love and friendship to you,  
God willing, shall not lack.

—was not the less admirable. The performance of a play so familiar on the Lyceum stage calls for no special remark; but we may note that, though looking somewhat worn and weary, Mr. Irving appeared to be in full force; while Miss Ellen Terry appeared clearly to have profited by her journey, and certainly never played the part of Ophelia with more winning grace or true pathos.

Messrs. Law and Grossmith's *Japananza* proves to be one of the merriest trifles with which Mr. Toole has been privileged to enliven the bill of his pretty and commodious theatre. It has no particular purpose—no sly design to satirise anything, and no unkind intention certainly towards the "Japanese Village," which unhappily, since this little piece was produced, has suffered the fate which sooner or later seems to await all our places of public entertainment. The



motive of the extravaganza is the present rage for tokens of Japanese art, life, and manners; but the paramount object is to enable Mr. Toole, amidst the bright scene of the Village, to revel in his droll humours. His gay escapades, his ludicrous distress, his wild efforts to escape from the wrath of a wife of decisive character, by assuming the guise of the "Great Tay-Kin" or Japanese Magician, and finally his fit of furious jealousy, are all exquisitely ludicrous. The songs are good; the jokes lively and well-timed; and the entire company enter into the spirit of the thing with a quite infectious enjoyment of the fun.

Miss Annie Wilson, a young actress whose talents deserve to be more widely known, gave, on Wednesday evening, at the Cavendish Rooms, a very agreeable entertainment, in the form of a *soirée dramatique d'invitation*. The selections in which Miss Wilson appeared comprised *A Happy Pair*, some of the quarrelling scenes between Sir Peter Teazle and his wife in *The School for Scandal*, and that favourite little piece, *Our Bitterest Foe*. Miss Wilson has an attractive presence, an expressive face, and a nicely-modulated voice; and, while in the second of these selections she showed that she possessed the gift of light comic acting in no small degree; in the first and last she proved that she was also capable of displaying pathos and earnestness. She was ably supported by, amongst others, Mr. Albert Harris, Mr. W. H. Stephens, and Mr. F. Hope Merisford. This latter gentleman also proved himself an efficient stage-manager.

A version of *Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie* by Dr. Sebastian Evans and Mr. Frank Evans was produced at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, under the title of *Culture*. The performers were unfortunately altogether unequal to the task of giving effect to the delicate satire and rather copious dialogue of M. Pailleron's brilliant work.

Miss E. Faren has abandoned her supplementary season, as she requires rest before beginning her provincial tour in June.

Mr. Toole will revive to-day the late Mr. Byron's *Chauvins*, one of the most amusing of that writer's eccentric comedies.



**THE TURF.**—The Newmarket First Spring Meeting this week will not compare with the recent Craven gathering either as regards weather or sporting interest. The lack of the latter arose mainly from the fact that the classic race for the Two Thousand had for some days before been booked as a certainty for Paradox. He started in a field of seven with the long odds of 3 to 1 on him, Archer being in the saddle, but he did not win so easily as was expected, only defeating the Chopette colt, who started at 25 to 1, by a short head. Had his victory been more pronounced he would probably have become an even money favourite for the Derby, but after the race as much as 4 to 1 was laid against him, and Melton was backed at a shade less. The Chopette colt was quoted at about double those odds, while Melton and Paradox were taken against the field. It will be remembered that Paradox last year could only get third for the Middle Park Plate, but won the Dewhurst Plate in good style. The Prince of Wales's Plate on the first day was won by Hermitage, who is evidently an improving animal, and the First Welter by the speedy Offspring; and on the second day the Stand Stakes fell to Burgundy, who made a good show for some distance in the recent City and Suburban.—The French "Two Thousand" has been won by Xaintrailles, ridden by the English jockey, C. Wood.

**CRICKET.**—Notwithstanding unfavourable weather cricket has now begun in earnest; several counties have been putting their "colts" through their paces; and at the Universities both Seniors and Juniors have been having their trials. In the Seniors' match at Oxford Mr. Money-Wigram's side beat Mr. Newton's, the bowling of Arnall chiefly conducing to the result, while Ingram's 48 and Le Messurier's 54 were very serviceable. In the Freshman's match there was some high scoring, D'Aeth (Haileybury and Wadham) contributing to his side 68, Cochrane (Repton and Hertford), 81; and Nepean (Sherborne and University), 43.

**AQUATICS.**—A well-known patron of rowing in Australia has offered to subscribe 1,000*l.* as a portion of the expenses of taking Banch either to this country or America, providing a match can be arranged for the Sculling Championship.—Teemer still offers to scull any man in the world.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The pedestrian contest at the Aquarium concluded on Saturday night with the easy victory of Rowell, who travelled 430 miles in seventy-two hours, thus beating "the record" by nearly fifteen miles. Cartwright did 382 and Mason 370 miles. Corkey's 343 miles was a grand performance for a man within three years of three score. Had Littlewood, the winner of the last contest, not broken down, perhaps the result might have been different. The arrangements at the Aquarium were excellent, and the large crowd which attended daily showed that the interest in these long-distance competitions is unabated.

**BILLIARDS.**—The result of the billiard match at the Aquarium between J. Roberts, jun., and W. Cook showed that the former is entitled to be considered the "Champion of Champions." That he should be able to give a player like Cook a start of 2,000 in 12,000, and then beat him by 2,750 points, is grand form.



ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

SINCE the last exhibition at the Gallery in Pall Mall East, two artists, Mr. Heywood Hardy and Mr. C. Robertson, have been elected Associates of the Society; but their contributions to the present collection do not materially add to its attractiveness. Mr. Hardy's only finished picture, "Passing Showers," in which two lovers are seen under the shelter of a tree in a country lane, shows that he can work quite as effectively and as well in water-colours as in oil; but the subject is rather trite, and he has not made it interesting by any novelty of treatment. Mr. Robertson is a dexterous painter of little bits, in the style of Mr. Birket Foster. His six drawings, which include views in Yorkshire, Cairo, and Jerusalem, are small alike in size and style; they are carefully drawn; and painted with extreme neatness; but they are all deficient in tone, local colour, and atmosphere. Mr. J. H. Henshall, who first appeared here last year, has made a decided advance. In his large drawing, "Absent, Yet Present," the head of the pensive girl leaning against a tree with a miniature in her hand is distinguished by beauty of colour, fine modelling of form, and broad but finished workmanship. A very fantastic picture by Mr. W. J. Wainwright is entitled "What Is't, a Spirit?" but the gorgeously attired mediæval lady seated in an orchard cannot well be meant for

Miranda; nor the clumsy-looking man in red, struggling through the interlacing branches of the trees, for Ferdinand. The picture is utterly unmeaning, but it is painted in an excellent style, and shows ability in many ways—in the treatment of the lady's flowing drapery, in the accurate drawing of the trees, and the good quality and skilful arrangement of the local tints. Mr. H. G. Glindoni's drawing of the seventeenth-century lady in an apothecary's shop, "The Love Philtre," is a very conventional piece of work, chiefly remarkable for the skill which with the retorts, alembics, and other still-life objects are painted.

The strength of the exhibition, as usual, chiefly lies in the drawings of the older members, especially the landscape and marine painters; but very few of them present any feature of novelty. Mr. A. W. Hunt's wooded river-scene, "A Summer Paradise," Mr. T. Danby's "Pennard Castle, Gower, South Wales;" Mr. G. Frapp's "Mountains at the Head of Loch Eynort;" and Mr. S. P. Jackson's "Chapel Rock, Perranforth, Cornwall," are excellent examples of the style of their respective authors; but it would be difficult to say anything about them that has not often been said of their previous works. Sir John Gilbert's only drawing, "Banditti Gambling," is essentially a landscape with cleverly-introduced figures. It serves to show his fine feeling for colour and picturesque beauty, his rare skill in composition, and masterly breadth of handling. Mr. H. Moore has a view, "On the Yare," strongly suggestive of wind and movement; and Mr. F. Powell a large drawing, "The Sunlit Sea," in which the effect of sunshine on the rippling waves is well rendered. Among the landscapes of very small size, Mr. A. Goodwin's "Clovelly, North Devon," and Mr. Matthew Hale's "Dawn, Mount's Bay," are especially noteworthy for the atmospheric truth and fine quality of tone. Mr. S. J. Hodson has done nothing so good as his large drawing of the Market Place at "Calais," with characteristic and well-grouped figures in the foreground. It is distinguished by broad simplicity of effect, sober harmony of colour, and sound workmanship, as well as fidelity to local fact. Miss Clara Montalba sends several studies made on the lagoon at Venice, some of them very slight, but all well-balanced in light and shade, and full of suffused light.

Rich Oriental architecture and characteristic figure are very artistically combined in Mr. Carl Haag's large drawing, "Bab-el-Makamah (the Gate of Justice) in Jerusalem." The brilliant sunshine on the upper part of the building, and its vivid reflection on the figures below, are rendered with remarkable force and truth. Mr. H. Wallis has a very small drawing of "An Oriental Glass Merchant," glowing with brilliant but finely modulated colour; and another equally good of a picturesquely-dressed Flemish girl "Going to Market." The only drawing by Mr. H. S. Marks, representing a mediæval student diligently conning "A Favourite Author," is attractive by reason of its quaintness and the air of repose that pervades it.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

ALTHOUGH several of our most eminent painters are among the exhibitors, the present display at the Grosvenor Gallery will be chiefly memorable for the first appearance of Mr. C. W. Mitchell, an artist of very remarkable ability, hitherto quite unknown. His large picture, "Hypatia," which occupies the central place at the end of the large gallery, seems to have been inspired by genuine artistic impulse, and it unquestionably shows a very great amount of technical accomplishment. The moment chosen by the artist is when the maiden, pursued by the infuriated Alexandrian monks, has reached the altar, and pointing to the image of Christ above turns towards them with a look of combined agony and indignation on her finely-formed face. The action of the figure, which is veiled only by the long golden hair that she draws about her, is not less expressive than the face. It is of life-size, and is drawn with a knowledge and mastery of which we have few examples in English art. The picture shows a fine sense of style, and is painted with well-restrained power. It is the most surprising thing that has appeared for many years. Mr. Burne Jones this year contributes nothing; nor is there anything of great importance by any of his followers. Mr. J. M. Strudwick has a picture, "The Golden Thread," full of quaint and obscure symbolism, finished with minute elaboration; and there are examples of the peculiar mannerisms of Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope and Miss E. Pickering.

A large allegorical composition, by Mr. G. F. Watts, "Love and Life," shows some weakness of handling and some inaccuracy of design, but it is poetical in conception. The angelic figure of Love with tender solicitude is supporting the youthful female form typifying Life up a steep and rocky path. The composition is of great beauty, and the movement of the figures graceful as well as expressive. Mr. Watts also sends several portraits, the half-length of "Mrs. F. Myers" being especially remarkable among them for its strength of style and glowing harmony of colour. Mr. Alma-Tadema sometimes affects a certain oddity of composition; but we have seen nothing by him so eccentric in arrangement as his "Portrait" of a doctor feeling the pulse of a patient. The doctor's head is quite on one side of the canvas, his shoulders being cut off by the frame; while the head of the patient, who is lying in bed, is in like manner cut off on the other side. The effect is *bizarre*, and certainly not pleasing; but the picture has, nevertheless, admirable qualities. The head, which wears an expression of earnest thought, is full of character, and modelled with extraordinary completeness; so also are the hands, both of doctor and patient. The portrait of "Robert Browning," destined to find a home in Balliol College, is not a good example of the work of his son, Mr. R. Barrett Browning. The flesh-tints are clay-like and opaque, and the conflicting colours of the academic robe and the hood are singularly discordant. It does not strike us even as a good likeness. Mr. Frank Holl's pictures may pass with little notice, as there are very much better things by him—at least, as regards all technical qualities—in the Academy. Nothing, however, could be more faithful or more sympathetic than the way in which he has depicted the characteristics of extreme old age in the portrait of "The Late Lord Overstone."

The most imposing portrait in the collection, and in many respects the best, is Mr. Millais' three-quarter-length of the Prime Minister, in the gown of a D.C.L. The aged and intellectual head is full of expressive energy, and is painted with great breadth and vigour. The difficulty of dealing with the large mass of vivid red in the academic robe has been successfully overcome, and the picture, as a whole, is in good keeping. It is an excellent example of simple, dignified, manly portraiture. By Mr. W. B. Richmond there are no less than nine large portraits. As a faithful rendering of individual character, the half-length of "Mr. Andrew Lang" is especially good, and there is much beauty in some of the female portraits. A more important achievement than any of them is the picture, "An Audience at Athens during the Representation of the *Agamemnon*." The composition is formal, and treatment very severe and simple. Ranged on marble benches, rising tier above tier, the Athenian men and women sit and listen with variously-expressed emotion to the story of Clytemnestra's vengeance. Each separate figure is distinct from the rest, and all are finely designed; but the picture wants concentration; the interest is too equally diffused over the canvas; no figure or group of figures can be said to dominate the rest; and none is subordinate. Besides the portrait mentioned, and another of Mr. F. Powell, the water-colour painter, Mr. Alma-Tadema sends two little pictures of antique life, "Who Is It?" and "Expectations," remarkable for the spontaneous grace of the figures as well as for subtle beauty of colour and delicate workmanship.

THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION

THE first impression made on a visitor to the Inventions Exhibition is that of intense bewilderment from the enormous variety and the utter dissimilarity of the objects shown. On reflection, however, that the purpose of its promoters was to give inventors of every genus an opportunity of displaying those efforts of their ingenuity which they may have carried into effect since 1862, the marvel is that the Exhibition is not of an even more heterogeneous nature. As it is the show ranges from a tin soldier to a 14-ton gun, from perambulators and bicycles to a London and North-Western engine, and from the newest thing in baby jumpers to the latest creation in printing machines. Various improvements have been made in the buildings, some of which have been enlarged, and their mode of access improved, while an inestimable boon has been conferred on travellers by rail by the erection of the spacious subway which leads direct to the South Kensington Station. Taking everything into consideration the Exhibition is in a very fair state of readiness as regards the British section, and the greater part of the machinery is busily at work. One of the chief attractions at the present time will be the display of warlike material, which, besides the huge steel monster mentioned above, includes screw guns for mule mountain batteries, and a number of those machine guns which grind out death at so many hundred rounds a minute. One of the most noteworthy is the automatic Maxim gun which, once started, will of its own accord fire 600 cartridges in a minute if required. The maritime section also contains models of some of our latest ironclads and floating batteries, while for those more peaceably inclined, the exhibits of agricultural machines, and in particular of railway engines, carriages, and plant in general, will afford endless food for study. Of machinery in motion there is no lack. Here looms are at work busily weaving cloth or silk for umbrellas, there tin pots are being shaped by the noisiest machine possible; but what will probably be the most popular display is in the hall devoted to the various kinds of printing. There the public can see for itself the various methods of printing from colours either by lithography or from electrotypes, of pulling proofs from etched plates, and a number of other processes by which illustrations may be produced. A very different class of machinery is shown in the United States Court, where a watch company exhibits the most wonderful miniature machines, which transform automatically a tiny piece of wire into the most Lilliputian screw imaginable, with head and thread perfectly complete. Nor must we omit the stupendous display of electrical machinery, which now not only furnishes light inside the building, but illuminates the myriads of coloured lamps in the grounds which no rain will now be able to extinguish.

Turning to objects of a more domestic nature, in which all visitors will feel an interest, there is no lack of gas-cooking and heating furnaces, and an exceedingly good display of gas-lighting, by which, as far as illuminating power is concerned, the electric lamp is fairly rivalled. The manufacture of boots, hats, and other articles of clothing will delight a large number of sightseers who love to see something actually being made, while the displays of china and glass will win the heart of the careful housewife. In some sections, however, it must be admitted that the exhibits will be pronounced dull, and the cases of philosophical instruments which cannot be examined, of photographic apparatus which cannot be handled, and of trombones and banjos which cannot be sounded or strummed, differ little from the shop-windows in our streets. We should except, however, the stereoscopes scattered about with many-coloured eye-pieces, which are sure to be extensively patronised. Musical visitors, also, can take a signal revenge upon the pianos, of which there certainly is a splendid show, and which offer a grand opportunity to amateur musicians to exhibit their skill. Of furniture there is comparatively little, but the show of invalid appliances is interesting, and there is a very large and representative section of bicycles and tricycles. More attractive still to the more juvenile visitors will be the international display of toys; while sportsmen and anglers will revel in the collection of guns, rods, and the various species of sporting tackle and equipment.

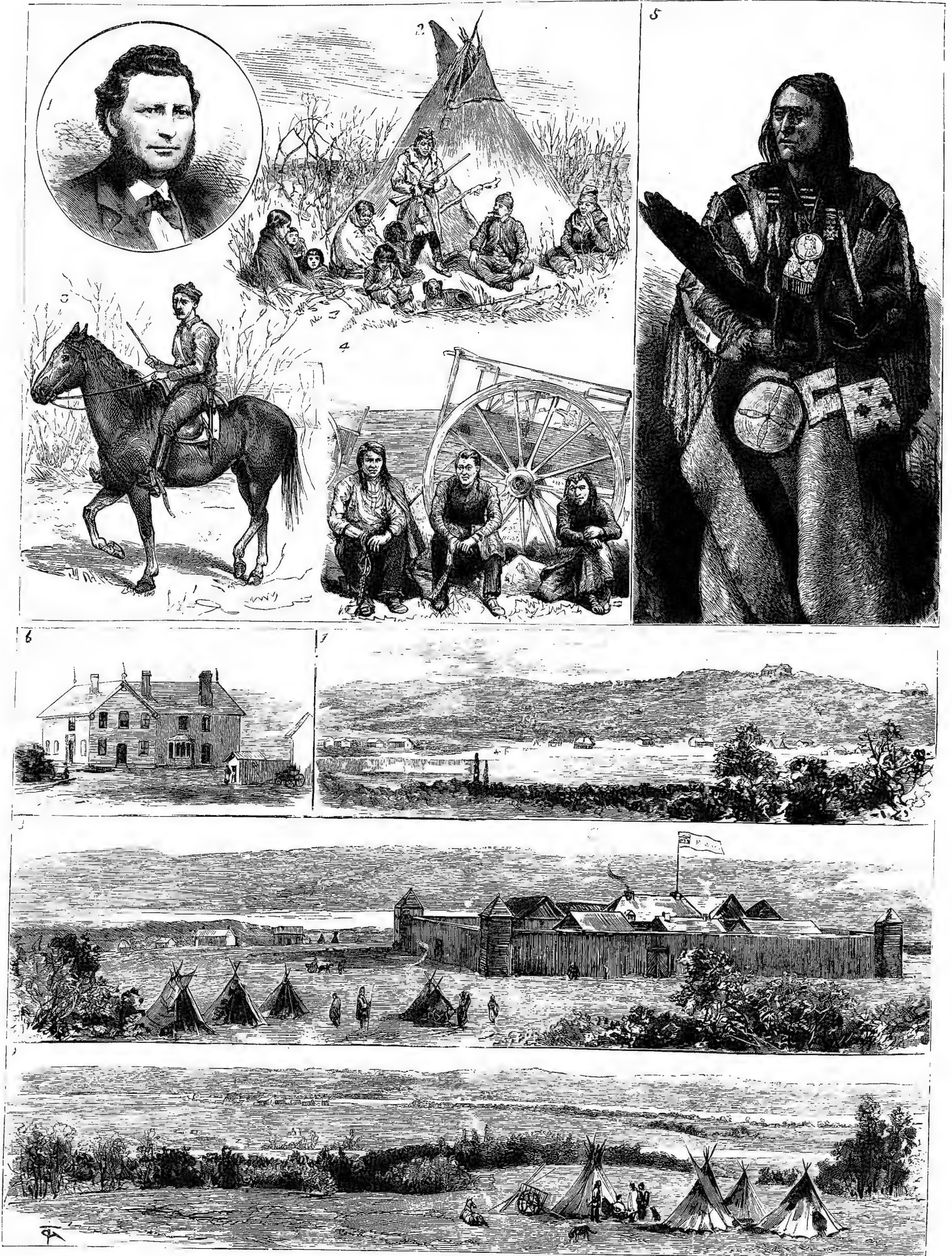
With the exception of Austria and China—the latter section contains this year comparatively little of interest, and resembles an excerpt from an Oriental museum—the foreign sections are in arrears. Russia is conspicuously empty, and of the others, Japan has a few walking-sticks and a fish-shaped box. Of the popular features of last year, the Old London Street remains intact—with the addition of an appropriate pavement, in imitation of the old-style cobble stones and brick, so as to add to the antique appearance of the surroundings. The street and shops will now be lighted in the evening, so as to avoid the necessity of closing at dusk. It is true that the Dairies and Bakeries, which were so popular a feature of last year's show, are absent, and that the picturesque Tartar encampment has long been raised, but the gardens and the fountains are there, increased musical attractions are promised, with interesting choral competitions, and it may be fairly expected, apart from its solid attractions—for few persons could visit the Exhibition without adding in some way to their stock of knowledge—that the "Inventories" will win as large a share of public favour as its two successful predecessors.



THE ways of Themis are sometimes perplexing. The Court of Appeal has this week reversed the decision of the Divisional Court which would have had the effect of quashing the order of two magistrates of Lewes, by which Mr. Hillman, an elderly gentleman of that town, was sent to a lunatic asylum, only to be discharged from it in a few days as perfectly sane. The case was fully reported in this column at the time, and public opinion strongly approved of the decision of the Divisional Court, based as it was on the extremely perfunctory manner in which the statutory examination of the alleged lunatic by both medical men and magistrates had been performed. In the Court of Appeal this week Lord Coleridge carefully reviewed all the circumstances of the case, and held that the Divisional Court was right in its decision. But his two colleagues, Sir James Hannen and Lord Justice Lindley, took a different view, and being of opinion that the magistrates had exercised in good faith a jurisdiction vested in them, reversed the decision of the Court below. A policeman and the relieving officer had broken open the door of Mr. Hillman's room, and compelled him by threats to enter the carriage, where he was asked an insignificant question or two by the magistrate, this constituting his so-called "examination." Lord Justice Lindley admitted that such proceedings could not be approved of, but added that it was one thing to disapprove of a course of proceeding, and another thing to hold that it was taken without jurisdiction. The decision of the Court of Appeal will doubtless aid in hastening in procuring an amendment of the Lunacy Acts under which, it seems, proceedings repugnant to all ordinary notions of justice are held to be perfectly legal.

AN APPLICATION of an unprecedented kind, made on behalf of various organisations connected with the Congregational Body, has been adjudicated on by Mr. Justice Pearson, sitting in the Chancery Division. The late Mr. R. S. Hudson, of Chester, the well-known soap manufacturer and munificent benefactor of Congregationalism, had promised in his lifetime to contribute for Congregational purposes various sums of money, several instalments of which were left

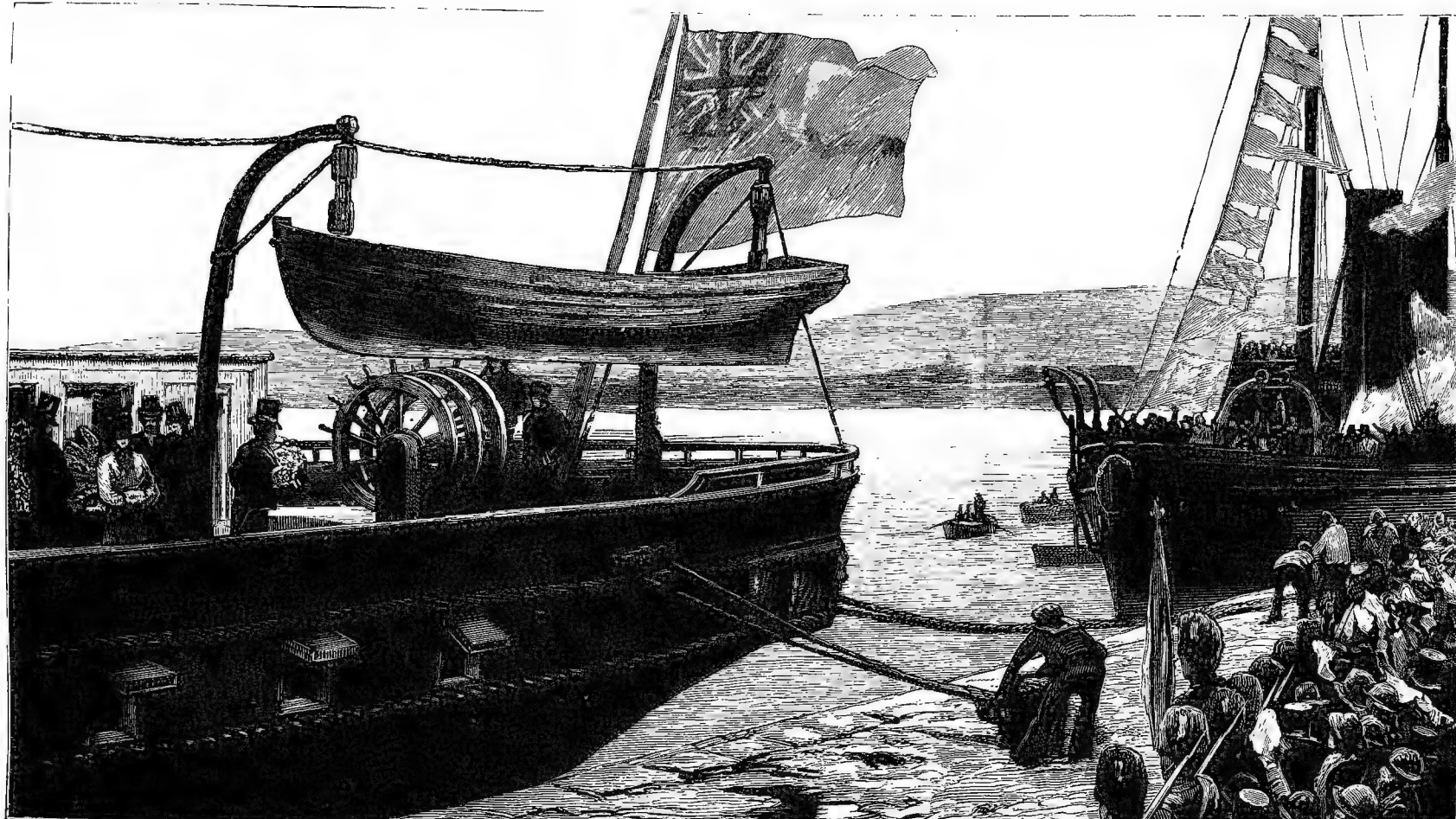




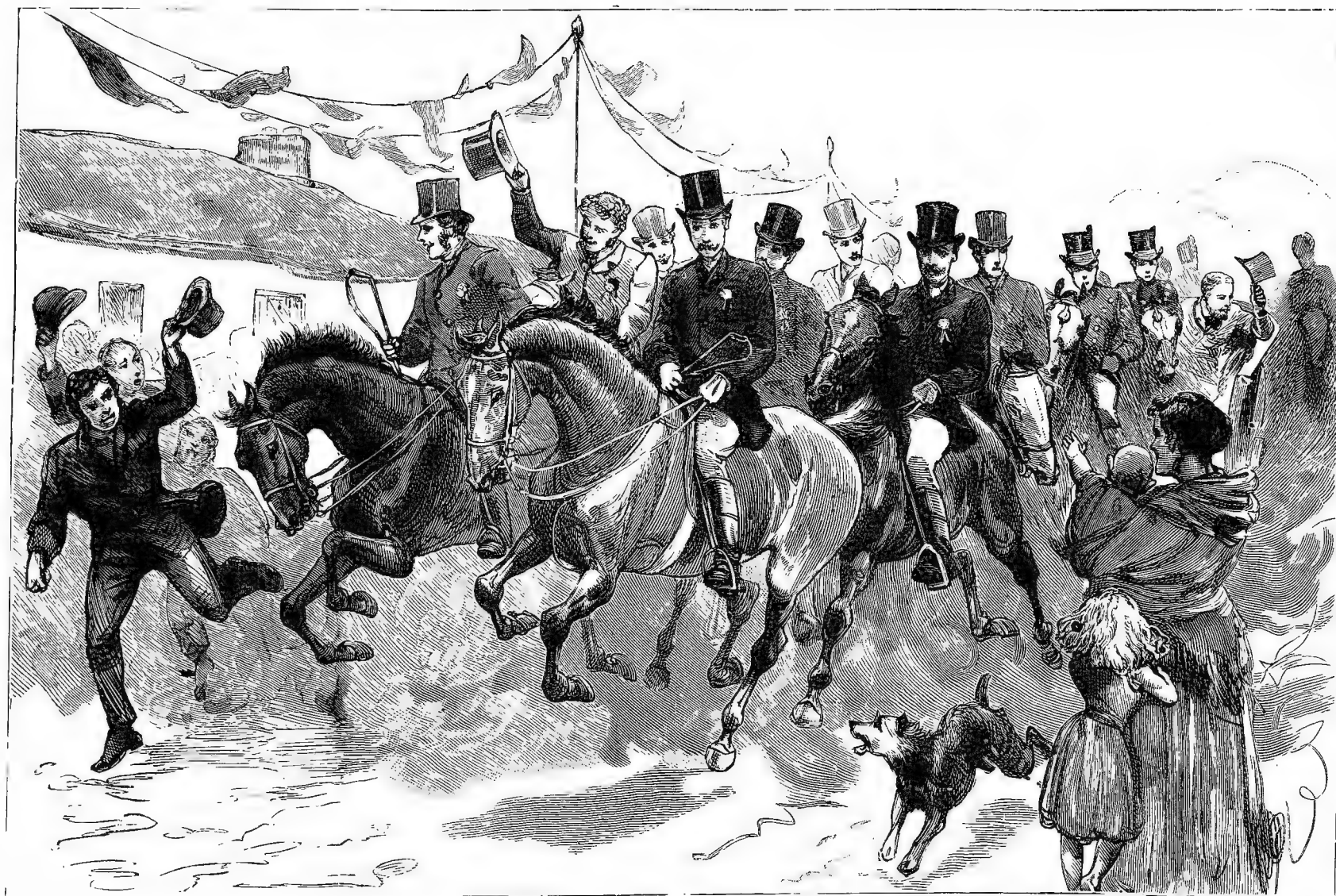
1. Louis Riel.—2. An Indian Teepee and Rebel Half-Breed.—3. A Half-Breed Scout.—4. Blackfoot Indians, Semi-Civilised.—5. A Crowfoot Indian Chief.—6. Government House, Battleford.—7. "Telegraph Flat."—8. Fort Carlton.—9. Battleford from Government House.

THE REBELLION OF HALF-BREEDS IN CANADA UNDER LOUIS RIEL





PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEPARTURE AT LARNE—"WILL YE NO COME BACK AGIN?"



THE STRABANE HUNT ESCORTING THE ROYAL CARRIAGE THROUGH STRABANE TO SION MILLS

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



unpaid at his death. In one of these cases he promised to contribute 2,000l. a-year for five years towards the work of Congregational Church Extension, provided 18,000l. a-year was otherwise raised, and the full proportion of the sum to be thus contributed by other persons had been given for the period that elapsed since Mr. Hudson's death. The Committee of the Congregational Union made a claim on Mr. Hudson's estate for the payment of the promised contribution, and the Statute of Frauds was pleaded by the defendant. On behalf of the claimants, it was argued that other persons having been induced by the promises of Mr. Hudson to contribute certain sums for a joint object, and to do certain things, there was a legal contract which took the case out of the Statute of Frauds. Mr. Justice Pearson hesitatingly pronounced against the legal validity of the claim, saying that if it were allowed he did not know to what extent a new form of posthumous charity might grow—a form of charity quite bad enough as it is.

Mr. C. M. WARRINGTON, Q.C., of the Chancery Bar, has been elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple.



THE ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY has very materially changed since Easter, the increased warmth and rainfall having stimulated vegetation and brought on the backward crops. Wheat and spring corn look very healthy and strong, and the regularity of growth is remarkable this season. Early-sown beans and peas have likewise come up well. The meadows have very perceptibly altered in tint, and the grass is now growing fast. The orchards show a great outburst of blossom, the cherry, plum, and pear being one mass of white, while the pink apple blooms are peeping out. In the flower-garden the laurustinus is in full bloom, while the rhododendrons are coming out, and jonquils make gay the border. In the woods, cowslips and anemones are beginning to show, and the wild hyacinth promises an abundance of flower. Marsh marigolds and forget-me-nots are in blossom in watery places.

THE PRICE OF GRAIN continues to depend upon the chances of politics, but the general uncertainty has brought about the establishment of a level of value higher by some shillings than the currencies of Easter. Home-made flour now realises 24s. to 28s. per sack, which is not at all dear, although 3s. above the terms of early April. The English wheat average has risen in proportion, and foreign wheat is worth 3s. to 5s. over the currencies of a month ago. Maize is worth 28s. to 30s. for sound corn, on which poultry and pheasants are fed, and 25s. to 27s. for the flat grain given to horses and mixed with cattle food. Barley, oats, beans, and peas are all rather dearer than formerly, and those articles which are known as milling "offal," such as bran, middlings, and pollard, have advanced 5s. per ton. Hay and straw, rice and cake, and many sorts of seeds are all rather dearer than a month ago.

BUTTERFLIES are reappearing in our woods and meadows. Last Saturday we saw the wood-white and the orange-tip at Fairlight, in

Sussex, as well as several brimstone butterflies and common whites. The subject of colour in butterflies has lately been engaging attention, and Lord Walsingham seems to have proved an hypothesis of Darwin's, namely, that there might be a regular tendency of butterflies to darkness in colours in high latitudes. As we find the bear, the stoat, and other animals going white instead of black as they get north, this tendency in the *Lepidoptera* is matter for some surprise, and is difficult to account for. Mr. George Lewis is inclined to think that there is an actual modification of the scales, but Lord Walsingham rather favours the supposition "that blackness arises from the invigorating energy derived from warmth, as blackness absorbs solar rays." It is a very remarkable "side discovery" that when a slight electric shock is given to a chrysalis the *imago* when hatched out has been observed to bear black spots.

HIGHWAYS.—The House of Commons have just passed a bill whereby if, in the opinion of any highway authority, a highway is prejudiced by the shade of any hedges or by any trees growing therein, and the sun and wind are excluded from such highway to the damage thereof; or if in their opinion any obstruction is caused in any highway by any hedge or tree, or by any bank, or by anything growing on any bank adjoining such highway, it shall be lawful for such authority at any time to cut, prune, or pare the said hedge, or to prune or lop trees, or to remove trees or bank if the owner of the premises consents.

LORD RENDLESHAM, addressing the East Suffolk Chamber of Agriculture last week, said that peasant proprietors had to work harder, and show more thrift, than the English agricultural labourers were likely to do. The Rev. Barham Zincke thought that France was benefited by her vast number of proprietors of 15 to 25-acre farms; but Mr. Fisk did not see how these small growers could compete with the larger cultivators in a land like our own.

CHEESE FARMS.—Speaking in favour of an increased production of cheese in the country, Professor Sheldon said, "The following are the important points to be attended to in cheese-making:—Strict cleanliness everywhere; the temperature of the milk, the dairy, and the cheese room; the judicious employment of acidity; the quality of the rennet and the salt; the condition of the weather. All this involves time, labour, and attention, but the result will be satisfactory in any country and on almost any kind of land."

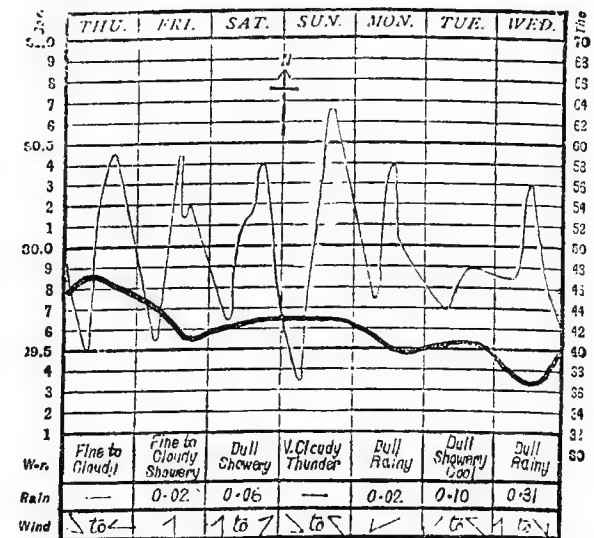
IRELAND like Great Britain enjoyed a timely rainfall before April was over, and the heavy showers which damped the festivities of the Royal visit have caused the meadows of the Green Isle to grow vigorously, affording to cattle the good bite which they had been wanting badly. The autumn wheat is very healthy, and the spring corn looks very well. The demand for cattle and sheep appears to be improving, and the weather of the first three weeks of April was very favourable to the planting of potatoes.

APPROACHING SHOWS.—At Newark, on the 14th and 15th May, there will be an agricultural exhibition, which is expected to attract some important exhibits from the great agricultural counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, and Derby. On the 20th, 21st, and 22nd May there will be a Show at Taunton, where some good Devons and Herefords should be seen; while on the 27th and 28th May, at Chipping Norton, the Oxfordshire Society hold their annual meeting. Under the energetic management of Mr. Reel, this Oxfordshire Show appears to be becoming one of the best gatherings in the Southern Midlands. A grand display of Oxfordshire Down

sheep may especially be looked for; and there is no more "coming" breed. The big Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall is fixed to take place from the 6th to the 12th of June, inclusive; while the Royal Agricultural Society will be at Preston from the 15th to the 20th July.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been changeable and showery, generally with, however, frequent intervals of clear and bright skies in nearly all parts of the country. During the first part of the period depressions appeared off the west of Ireland and south-west of England, followed on Monday (4th inst.) by a large area of low readings, which covered England, the northern parts of France, and the Netherlands, while at the close of the time the distribution of pressure became rather complex. The winds with the first-named conditions were light from the southward in the south, and strong from south-east in the extreme north of our islands, but, with the appearance of the large low-pressure system over England, they drew into north-east or north very generally, and were moderate or light in force. The weather, although showery in most parts of the country, has been fair on the whole, but with a sensible diminution in temperature as compared with recent weeks. Thunder was heard in one or two places on Sunday (1st inst.), and snow and hail fell in the north of Scotland at the close of the week. The highest maxima were 64° at York and 63° at Loughborough on Thursday (30th ult.), and 63° at Cambridge and in London on Sunday (3rd inst.), while the lowest minima were 32° at Mullaghmore on Tuesday (5th inst.), and at Sunbury Head and Stornoway on Wednesday (6th inst.). The barometer was highest (29.56 inches) on Thursday (30th ult.); lowest (29.14 inches) on Thursday (30th ult.); range, 0.52 inches. Temperature was highest (63°) on Sunday (3rd inst.); lowest (37°) on Sunday (3rd inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.51 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.31 inches on Wednesday (6th inst.).

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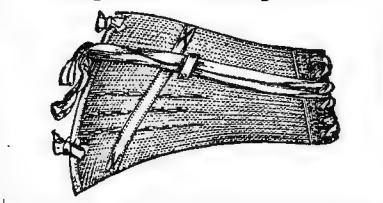
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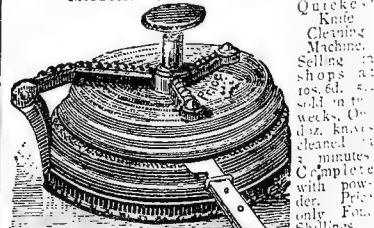
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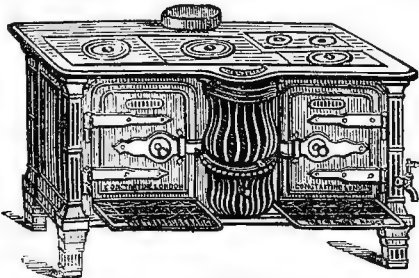
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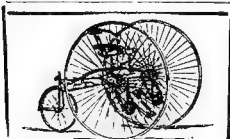
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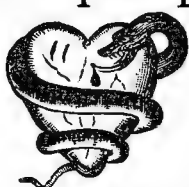
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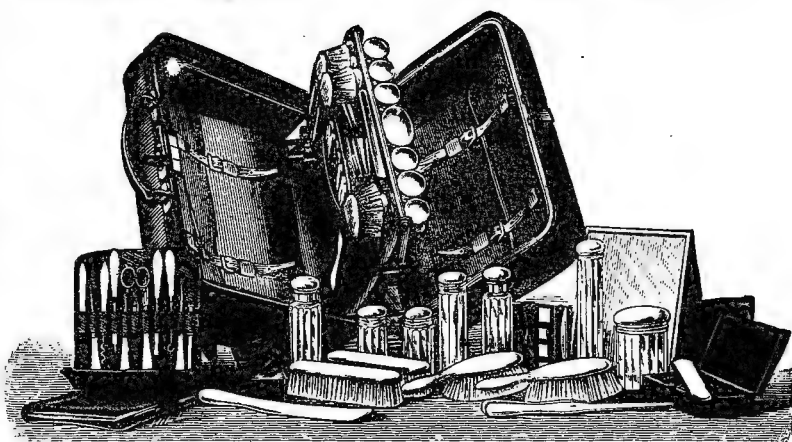
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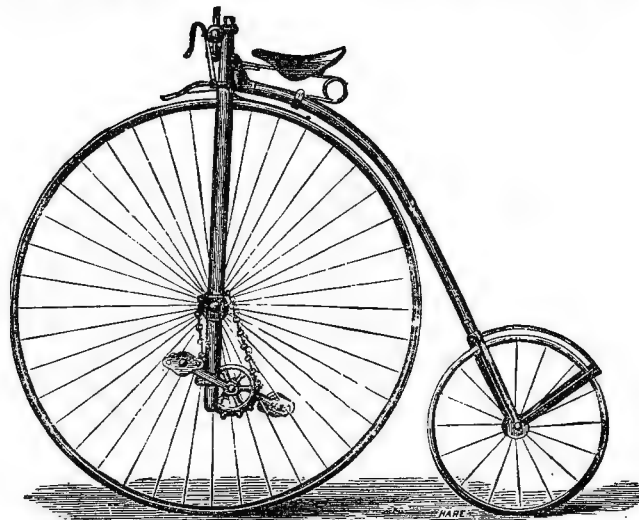
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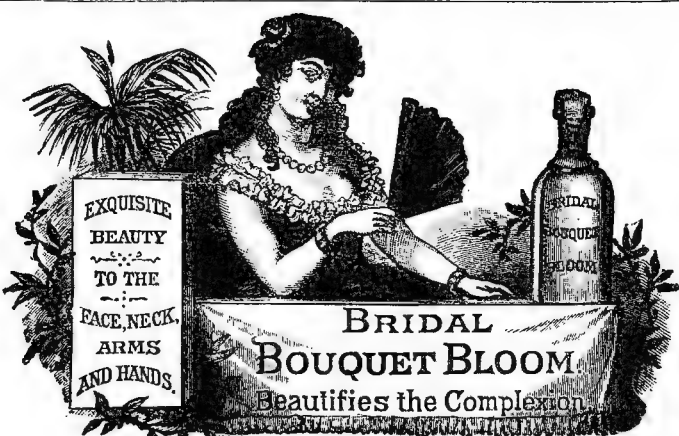
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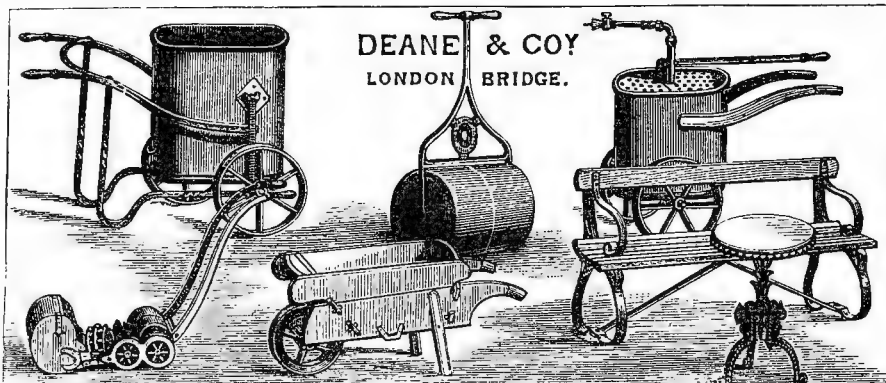
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## AN ARTIST IN ZANZIBAR

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SIR JOHN KIRK

ZANZIBAR, an island lying about twenty miles off the East Coast of Africa, under the sixth parallel south of the equator (I feel bound to furnish this information in the prevailing state of ignorance respecting African geography), has long been a nucleus of foreign rule along the eastern seaboard of the Dark Continent. Without going into the questions of its

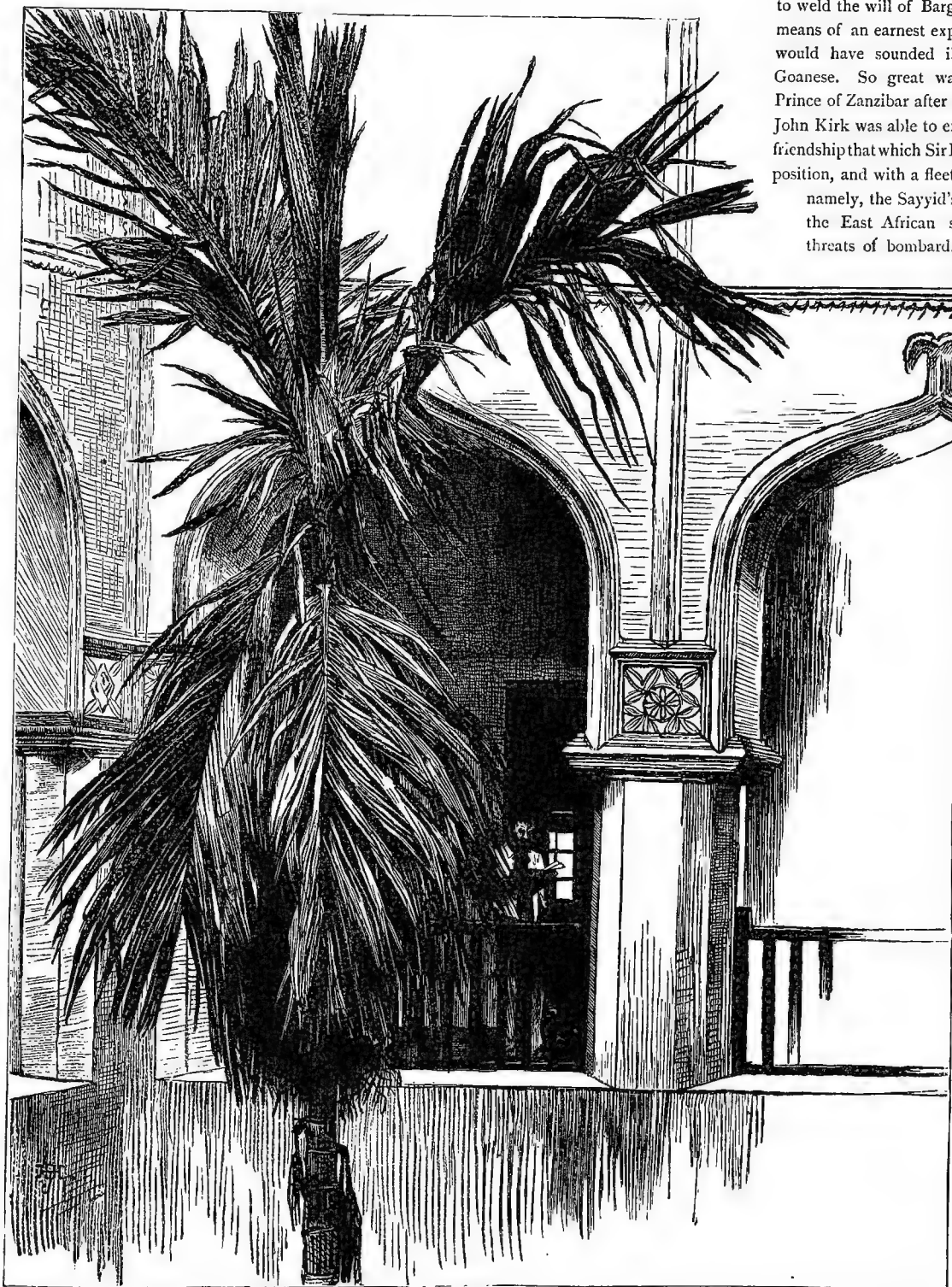
remote history, and considering whether it was or whether it was not distinctly known to the hazy geographers of classical days, we can feel pretty certain that, for nearly as many centuries as form the

Christian Era, Zanzibar has been a place of resort for the Arab and Persian traders and slave-dealers of the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the coasts of Sind and Gujerat. There was at one time a distinct Persian colonisation of the East African littoral to the north of Zanzibar, and apparently also in Zanzibar itself, though here the intermixture of Persian blood in the local race is in no way as evident as in places on the mainland, such as Lamu, Malindi, or Magdishu. However, even in Zanzibar distinct traces of Fire Worship remain engrafted on the African Mohammedanism of the inhabitants. After several centuries of *quasi* Arab rule, Zanzibar in the beginning of the sixteenth century came under the dominion of the Portuguese, whose language has left its traces in the Swahili vocabulary. When Portugal fell into the power of Spain, and her hold on Abyssinia and the Eastern Horn of Africa waned and faded, the Arabs reasserted their independence in Zanzibar, and the island remained in the possession of various Arab chiefs till the end of the last century, when the Imam of Maskat asserted and maintained his suzerainty over Pemba, Zanzibar, and the neighbouring coast.

In 1841 the East India Company first established relations with the ruler of Zanzibar, who had assumed the title of "Sayyid," or Lord of the Island. He was at the same time Sovereign of Oman, that East Arabian principality of which Maskat is the capital. Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, the first British representative at the Court of Zanzibar, remained many years at his post, and was still in East Africa when Burton undertook his pioneer journey to the Lake regions. On his death General Rigby succeeded him as Consul-General and Political Agent, and was in turn followed by several officials whose residence in the island was of short duration. At length, in 1873, Sir John Kirk, who had first come to Zanzibar as Vice-Consul in 1866, and who had for some years acted in a superior capacity, received his formal appointment to the post of Consul-General, and later on attained the further office of Political Agent. Sir John Kirk, who comes of an old Forfarshire family, was educated primarily as a doctor, and served as a physician to the British hospital at Renkioi, Dardanelles, during the Crimean War; but already, both at the University and during his service abroad, his taste and aptitude for natural history had so developed that he little cared to make the medical profession his ultimate career. In 1858 he accepted the post of naturalist to Dr. Livingstone's expedition to the Zambesi. When he arrived at the mouth of this river, the circumstances

of the expedition were such that it became necessary for Dr. Kirk (as he then was) to lay his studies of natural history aside, and assume the arduous position of second in command, and direct personally the conduct of the land party. It was largely owing to his exertions and untiring labour that the unfortunate Zambesi Expedition was not an even costlier experiment than it eventually proved; and Dr. Livingstone found in his colleague and second in command a mainstay and help in several critical emergencies wherein the rest of his staff were of little service.

Shortly after his return from the Zambesi Dr. Kirk was offered the post of Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, and thus entered the service in which he rose successively to the ranks of Consul, Consul-General, and Political Agent. In 1878 he was made C. M. G., and in 1881 he was knighted.



SIR JOHN KIRK AT HOME

There is no one living or dead who has so profoundly influenced the condition of Eastern Africa as Sir John Kirk. To him more than to any one else is owing the effective repression of slave-trading; and it is only quite recently that the full consequences of his steady anti-slavery policy began to appear and develop themselves into a healthy and beneficent solution of a difficult African problem. When Sir John first arrived in Zanzibar the Arab ruler of the island, the so-called Sultan, was little more than *primus inter pares*. He was recognised as "Sayyid," or Lord, of Zanzibar, by the Arab nobles and traders, but his authority was most uncertain. Many of his subjects thought themselves superior to him in purity of blood and ancient genealogy, and whenever the wishes

of their nominal ruler—merely one of themselves deputed to transact the Government business—clashed with their personal interests or predilections, they openly bade him defiance, and put their fortress-houses into a state of siege. The standing army was composed of a few miserable, beggarly Baluch mercenaries—ill-clothed, unpaid, and as cowardly as they were rapacious. Slaves were openly sold in Zanzibar, and the Sayyid was too weak to incur the displeasure of his Arab subjects by the suppression of a lucrative and easy trade. When Sayyid Majid died and the present "Sultan," Barghash bin Sa'id, succeeded him, Sir John Kirk set himself resolutely to acquire the confidence and friendship of the young Arab ruler, and, aided by his great knowledge of Arabic and Ki-Swahili, was able to converse with the Sayyid in strict intimacy, without the medium of an interpreter, so that he was enabled often to weld the will of Barghash to conformity with his own wishes by means of an earnest expostulation and half playful sarcasm which would have sounded ill through the intermediary of some wily Goanese. So great was the influence already exercised over the Prince of Zanzibar after two years of personal intercourse that Sir John Kirk was able to exact from him as a favour and concession to friendship that which Sir Bartle Frere, with all his personal prestige and position, and with a fleet of ironclads behind him, failed to extort,

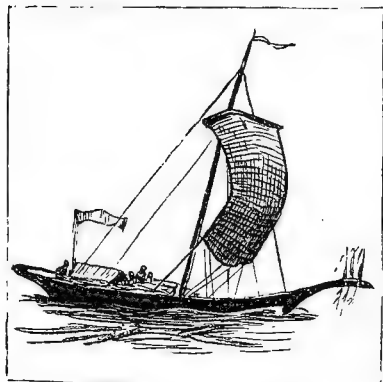
namely, the Sayyid's signature to a treaty for the suppression of the East African slave-trade. This, though refused under threats of bombardment, was granted after a few hours' conversation with Sir John Kirk, and the treaty, which during Sir Bartle Frere's Mission had been persistently rejected by the "Sultan," was signed and sealed within a few hours after the envoy departure, and overtook him in a rapid despatch-boat before he reached Aden. An amusing incident is recorded of Sayyid Barghash during the *séance* of deliberation which took place before he signed the treaty. Sir John Kirk was explaining to him the terrors and inconveniences of a blockade, how all supplies of provisions would be stopped, and the island reduced to starvation, and he wound up his effective picture by asking the "Sultan" what he would do *then*? "Why," said Sayyid Barghash, "I should just come and live with you, Consul."

It is owing to our present representative in Zanzibar that the Sultan has gradually assured and strengthened his hold over the East African Coast between the Portuguese Northern boundary and the No-man's Land of the Somali Deserts, thus keeping in hands friendly to England the richest coast-lands of East Africa and the trade-routes to the Central Basin. Sir John Kirk has little disguised his views about English influence in the Indian Ocean, and he steadfastly bears in mind that nearly the entire commerce of Eastern Africa is in the hands of British subjects, and that, to uphold our influence in the country, we should encourage to the utmost the thrifty settlers from Western India. He also feels, as any observant politician must, that much as we may admire the

French, and great as the advantages of a Franco-British alliance may seem to the inhabitants of Dover and Calais, Newhaven and Dieppe, yet that we have no rivals more serious in the Eastern seas than that restless, ambitious people, who writhe every few decades with increased consciousness of English ubiquity, and who at varying periods break out into colonising, conquest-making manias. One of the firmest resolves of Sir John Kirk has been to keep Eastern Africa between 10° N. and 10° S. clear of influences French, Egyptian, or Portuguese, and so to hold this littoral through our nominee, the present Sayyid, that whenever the cold fit shall be off and the hot wave of further colonisation flow on again—whenever the irresistible spreading of the English people compels it



to look towards fresh fields of enterprise—Zanzibar, city, island, and coast, may easily and quietly come under British rule. To Sir John Kirk alone we owe it that the Government of Portugal has not now included the important Rovuma River in its East



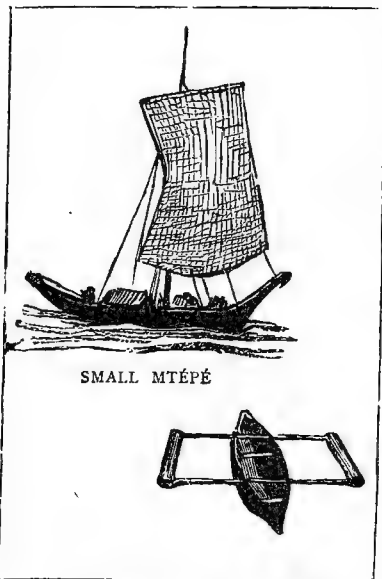
MTÉPÉ (WITH MAT SAIL)

African possessions; and the same person is responsible for having, with one English frigate, driven away the whole Egyptian fleet under McGillup Pasha, when, acting under secret orders from Nubar Pasha, "the friend of England," the Khédive's East African Expedition proceeded to annex, occupy, and fortify the principal ports in the Sayyid's

continental dominions. About the manifold checks that French ambition and "protecting" zeal have received in these Zangian regions I need not dilate, as they are questions involving political feelings of some acerbity at the present time, and would therefore be out of place in *The Graphic*. But I might further recall to my fellow-countrymen that it is to the personal exertions of the British Agent and Consul-General that Zanzibar owes its line of telegraph, its mail service, its hospital, its observatory, its standing army (officered and commanded by Englishmen), its horticultural development, its projected sanitary reform, and possibly also the scarcely less precious introductions of lawn tennis and afternoon tea.

The British Agency and Consulate-General in the town of Zanzibar is a handsome Arab house standing towards the southern end of the city, and just overhanging the sea, which at high tide lashes its protecting wall. The style of exterior and interior is purely Arab, or, to use a more accepted term in architecture, Saracenic. Entering from the narrow streets an iron gateway, you come into

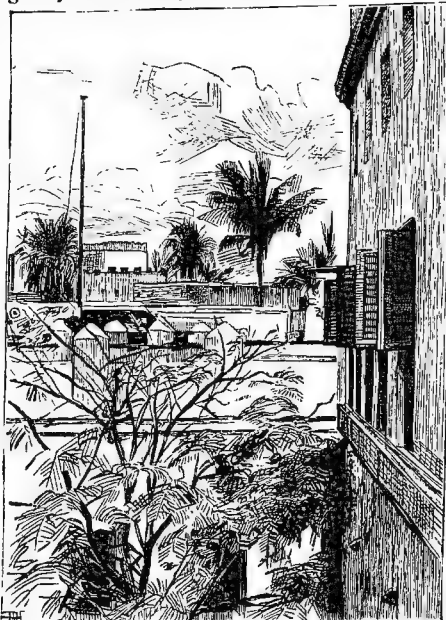
the grateful shade of a small garden, planted with spreading mimosas, cocoa-nut, palms, and mangoes, and through the interstices of the foliage you look up at the high grey-white walls of the house, which are scarcely relieved in their monotony by the small and shuttered windows. The doorway is regularly Eastern, quite a "Sublime Porte" in miniature. Broad shallow steps lead up to it, forming an admirably-arranged *mise-en-scène* for the grouping of white-clothed "Sikari" (consular guards) and Indian suppliants in gaudy costumes. The frame of the door, which is itself garnished with immense copper nails, is delicately and intricately carved in black wood, with arabesque designs and letter scrolls:



SMALL MTÉPÉ

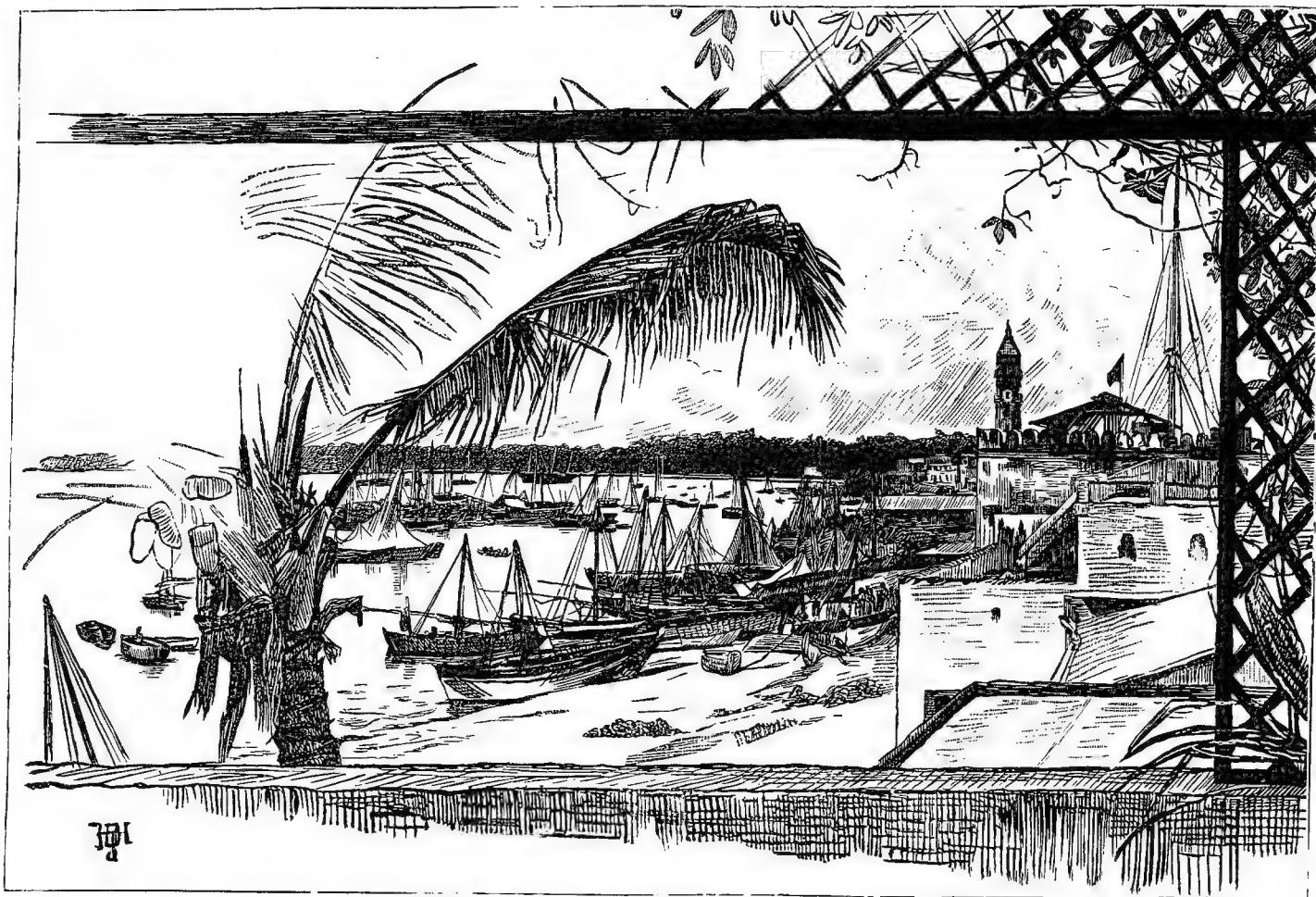
OUTRIGGER CANOE

staircase ascends to the first floor, where you find yourself in the interior gallery surrounding the four sides of the *patio*, or



A VIEW OVER THE HOUSETOPS

hollow square, which is the ground-plan of most Saracenic buildings. From the centre of the *patio* rises a graceful arca palm, which



ZANZIBAR HARBOUR FROM THE CONSULATE

contrasts pleasingly with the formal arches of the gallery. The house ascends to several storeys, and is surmounted by fiat terraces of



A STREET IN ZANZIBAR

varying height; but round the *patio*, on the first floor, the principal dwelling-rooms are ranged. These are all Arab in character—narrow,

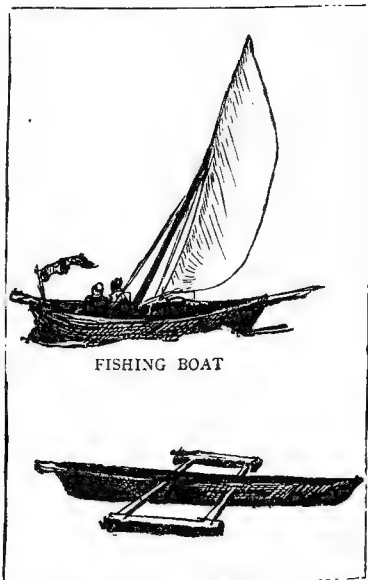
high-pitched, lighted with little windows with deep embrasures. The walls are dead white, cut into by false arches of slightly horse-shoe shape, forming alternate recesses wherein shelves of pottery, book-cases, or cabinets may be placed. Within the arches, too, are further niches, cut deeper into the wall, with a carved stone tracery at the back to let in air. These give an effect of lightness to the somewhat massive walls, and the little points of light gleaming through the windows of cut stone act as a *point de mire* in each recess. There are no pictures on the walls; nothing but coruscations of Oriental pottery, all of it got from Zanzibar and the neighbouring coast. The amount of beautiful Persian, Moorish, and even Chinese pottery and porcelain to be found in Zanzibar is really surprising. Much of it is hoarded up by old Arab families, who have kept it for generations in their households, and it only sees the light in occasional bankruptcies and auction sales. On many parts of this



ARAB DHOW

Zangian coast pottery is fastened into the walls of mosques or plastered on to tombs, whence—I say it with regret—Europeans do not hesitate to "loot" it, under the pretext that if they don't the degenerate descendants of the Oriental settlers will. At places like Lamu the most tasteful Persian porcelain, rich in colour and very old, was to be easily picked up but a short while ago, though the sudden rush of greedy travellers has diminished the supply. Much of this Persian pottery—great bowls of gorgeous tints, blue and gold plates, vases and cups—decorate the walls of the Consulate, and lend colour and brightness to its apartments.

The windows of two sides of the house look forth on the sea, and command the entire harbour. All the shipping becomes a study of ever-changing colour and form. The great black hulks of the steamers, surmounted by their tall masts and funnels; the snow-sails of the dhows coming into port; the "mtépé," or native barque, with a huge sail made of matting; the dismantled dhows, with their brown rigging and masts and folded sails, lying at anchor in the blue still water: and the multitude of tiny craft, canoes with outriggers, and the canoes that are simple dug-outs—all these form, together with the flags of many nations and the bright costumes of the native sailors, the blue sky, with its rolling cumulus-clouds, the placid sea, and the green islands on its horizon, an infinitely diversified panorama, rather than a

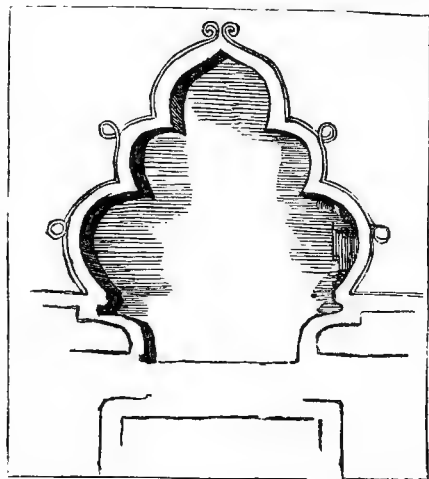


FISHING BOAT

OUTRIGGER CANOE

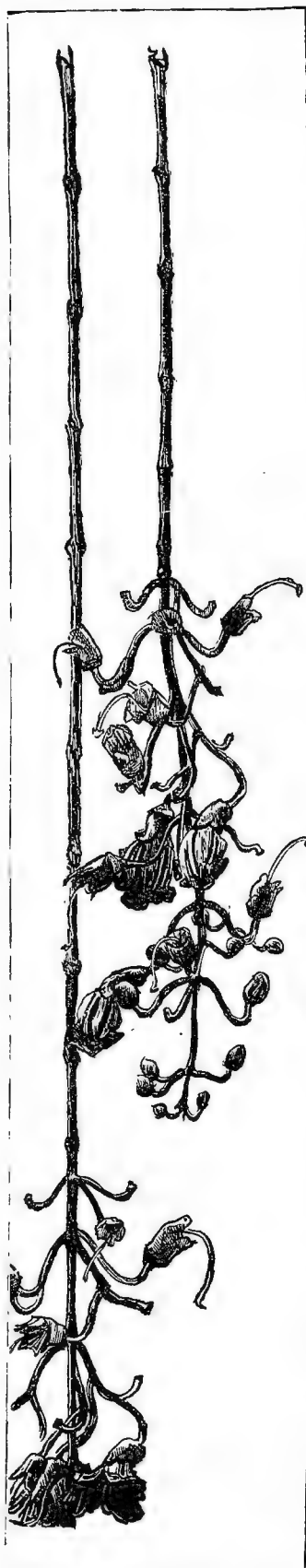


picture, but a cheerful scene, full of bright activity, and a pleasant field of contemplation to an idle man in a rocking-chair on a shady balcony, who is able to rest inactive in his cool retreat, and watch the busy work going on around him.



A SARACENIC DOORWAY

If you look from the verandah of the Consulate towards the town of Zanzibar you have a scene of much picturesqueness and colour, and one which, focussed and framed by the lattice-work



KIGELIA AFRICANA

that is hung with creeping plants, becomes a real picture. You see the ships in the harbour, the canoes and rowing-boats skimming in and out among the large vessels, then lines of dhows all drawn up along the shore of white sand, with busy crowds of men working round and about them, some unloading, some repairing, some looking idly on, others stripping for a bathe and playing at a peculiar game in the water, round the hulls of the half-floated dhows, which consists in turning a somersault and bringing your legs down with a smack on your companions' backs. Indeed, the absence of all social restraint on the shore at Zanzibar might occasionally ruffle the sensibilities of those of our weaker sex who are supposed to be shocked at seeing life under somewhat primitive conditions. There are no "bathing regulations" at Zanzibar, and the beach immediately below the Consular windows is the favourite resort of "natives," who in complete nudity gaily chase each other along the silver strand, or plunge into the tiny billows and the black ooze of the nether shore. Indeed, the number of Indians who seem to choose the purlieus of the British Consulate for performing their ablutions (doubtless because they look upon it as a right of British subjects to bathe under their Consul's eye) render it necessary sometimes to despatch a Sikari for the purpose of driving the nude Hindoos to remoter shores, for should the Consul be entertaining the lady residents of Zanzibar at afternoon tea on the balcony, it is somewhat embarrassing for their gaze continually to encounter, not the black glistening forms of the burly negroes on whom

The buildings of Zanzibar along the shore line are gifted with an adventitious beauty which is derived from contrasts of colour, and light, and shade. The Sultan's clock tower, which rises like a minaret above the flat-roofed houses, is in reality a structure of vulgar, tasteless design, but seen from a distance with its ugliness softened down, it lends considerable point to the harbour view of Zanzibar. The other buildings are little remarkable for elegance of exterior shape, but, being all white-washed or of light coloured stone, they form under the sun's rays a snowy, irregular mass, the outline of which tells out effectively against a deep blue or a storm grey sky, and is here and there relieved by the green coco-palms or the flags of the Sultan's palace, and the different Consulates.

This view at sunset becomes really beautiful. The eastern sky is a sombre blue-grey, and the water of the harbour reflects the same tint, unvaried in the evening stillness by a ripple. The long headland of dark green forest, which stretches out into the sea, lends a deepening tone to the darkened water and sky, and forms with them an effective foil, a neutral background to the white tower and the mass of white buildings which, turned



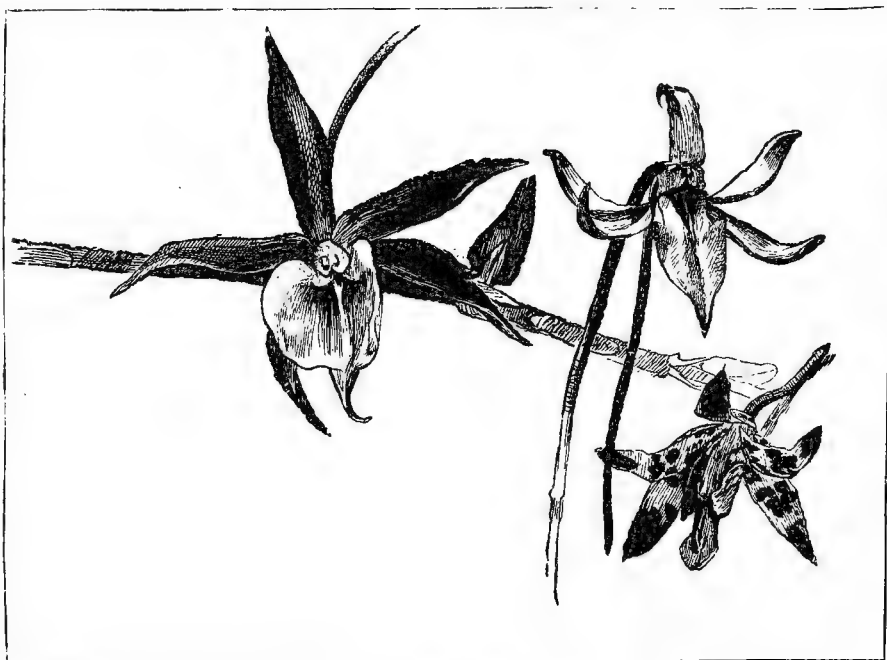
COLOBUS KIRKII

towards the west, reflect on their sympathetic surfaces the warm glow of the sunset. In the daytime, under the blaze of a vertical sun,



THE BAY OF MBWÉ

radiance, and their tender blush-colour is heightened by its background of strangely-coloured eastern sky which, first becoming sombre blue with the sinking sun, for a brief while grows green with jealousy of the west and partial reflection of the sunset, and offers a comple-



ZANZIBAR ORCHID

mentary contrast to the houses at their pinkest. Then, along the shore, and on the blue bay, the shipping, turned towards the warm light of evening, loses its blackness and distinct outlines, and fuses into dusky brown, the mazes of masts and rigging seeming to part with their perspective and to stick together in one indistinct mass. As the shadows deepen and the rose-tinted houses fade into dull grey, the stages of the Sultan's tower are picked out with yellow lamps, and suddenly from the summit gleams out in cold radiance a star of more than first magnitude—Sayyid Barghash has fitted up his clock tower with the electric light.

Any one visiting Sir John Kirk at home will hardly have set foot in his house many hours without remarking the arrival of an Indian gentleman in a suit of white clothes of half Asiatic, half European cut, with a magnificent gold embroidered turban, a watch-chain, a ring, and an umbrella. This is Pira Doji, incorrectly known on board the mail steamers as "The Prime Minister of Zanzibar." He is really an astute Indian trader, who, by his capacity for business and exceptional talents as a *raconteur*, has known how to obtain a very large share of the "Sultan's" confidence and esteem. Pira Doji is a most useful man to Sayyid Barghash. Without in reality attaining the position of Prime Minister or Grand Vizier (the Sayyid has no Ministers, and therefore rules cheaply), he has yet become a sort of financial adviser to the Prince of Zanzibar, and is at the same time head waiter at State dinners, man-of-business, negotiator in delicate matrimonial affairs, and the pick-up and retailer of all the town news. If Sayyid Barghash is mentioned in the *Times*, Pira forthwith goes to the "Sultan" with a copy of the passage scored round with red chalk. If a European resident in Zanzibar sprains his ankle or beats his cook, the "Sultan" likewise hears of it through the same source. Consequently

these houses of Zanzibar are disagreeably dazzling, but now, in this one quiet half-hour of the short evening, they glow with a soft pink

all new arrivals at the Consulate become objects of interest to Pira, as likely to furnish "paragraphs" for his princely gossip. If ever

nakedness sits with decency, but the yellow and obese Hindoos, who, with the figures and demeanour of middle-aged aldermen, are paddling up to their ankles with the innocence and unconcern of early childhood.



a "Society" paper is founded in Zanzibar, it will have Pira Doji for its editor.

His Highness Sayyid Barghash having then heard of your arrival, and as much of your disposition, antecedents, present intentions, and future plans as Pira can glean from the Consul's household, it becomes incumbent on you to present yourself, or get your Consul to present you, at one of the Sultan's Friday Levées.

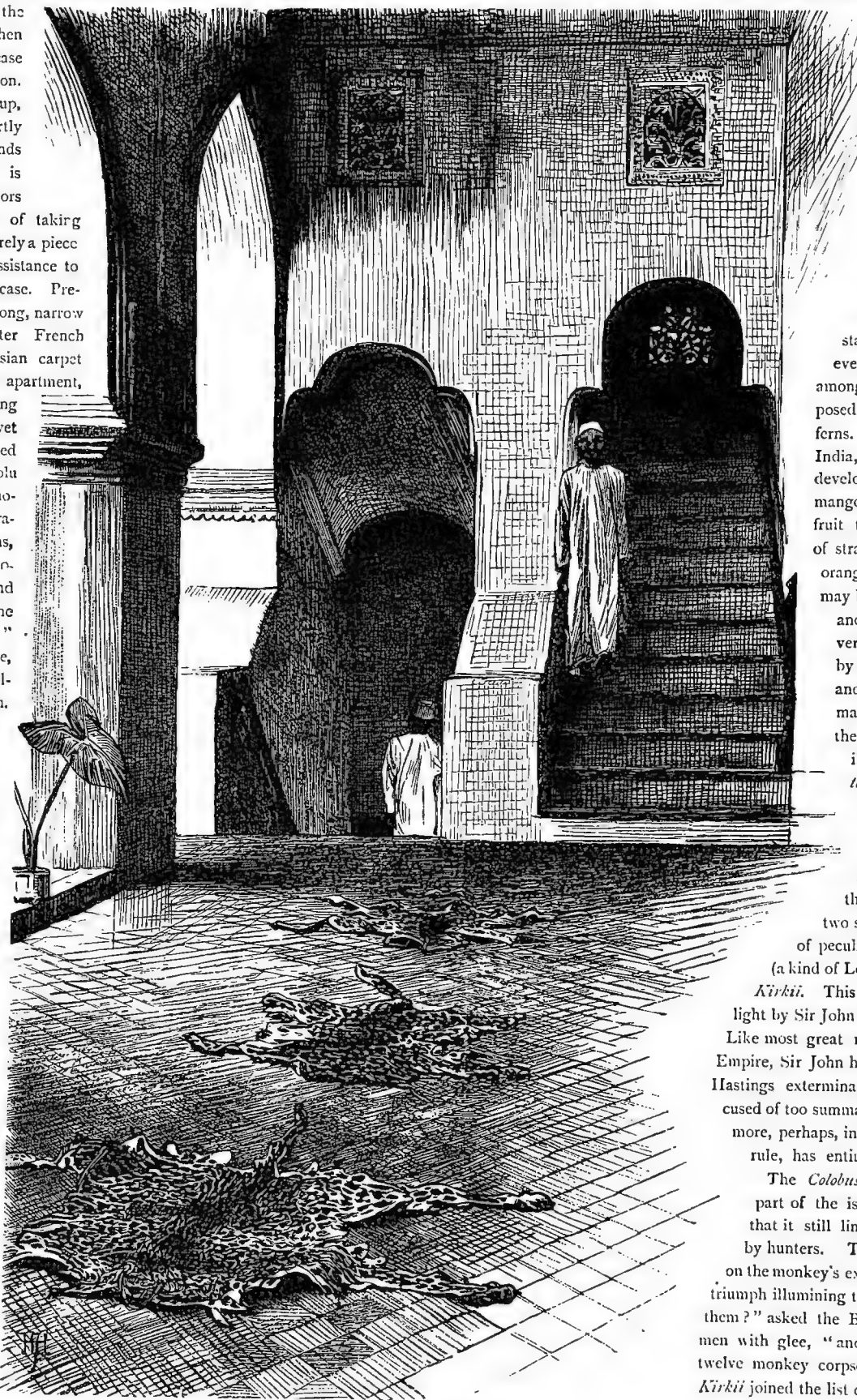
Drawn up before his tawdry Palace (a rickety building of many storeys, of no style whatever, and of execrable taste) is a smart-looking regiment of the New Zanzibar army, the men in white uniform, with red and yellow caps, and the officers in white trousers and magnificently embroidered tunics. At their head stands their organiser and Commander-in-Chief, General Matthews, who gives the order to present arms as the Consular party draws near. Then the Goanese band strikes up "God Save the Queen," and we risk a sunstroke by walking through the serried ranks of soldiers with our helmets raised above our heads. In the entry to the Palace more guards, Persian and Baluch, are assembled, and there are crowds of Arabs in gala costumes. Preceded by a kind of Master of the Ceremonies, we pass along corridors and apartments furnished in the Neo-Oriental (bastard French) style, and then ascend a strangely mean and poky staircase covered with scraps of faded kamptulicon. As we emerge on a small landing, coming up, as it were, from a stage trap, a tall, portly Arab leans over the stair-rail, and extends to each in turn a firm, plump hand. It is Sayyid Barghash come to greet his visitors half way; and though his cordial way of taking you by the hand and hoisting you up is merely a piece of formal courtesy, still it is of material assistance to you in emerging from the trap-like staircase. Preceded by the Sayyid, we are ushered into a long, narrow reception-room of Arab shape but later French decoration. Except for the fine Persian carpet which goes the whole length of the apartment, there is little to note that is pleasing to a critical eye. The furniture is red velvet and gilt wood. Round the walls are ranged medley assemblages of kitchen clocks, ormolu time-pieces, aneroid barometers, thermometers, anemometers, telescopes, opera-glasses, musical-boxes, swords, spears, guns, pistols, toys of ingenious kinds, photographic albums, photographs glazed and framed and faded, and what not else. The upper end of the room, where the "Sultan" ordinarily sits, has a large mirror in the centre, and on either side of the mirror is a full-length oil painting of Sayyid Barghash. These two paintings are identical in every detail. They were manufactured in Paris. The Sayyid had a photograph taken of himself during his visit to London. It was in a sitting posture. He sent it to Paris with the order that it was to be enlarged standing, and then converted into two oil paintings. The Parisian artist, in no way at a loss, cut off the head of the sitting Sultan and stuck it on to the decapitated portrait of some Algerian Arab photographed erect. The combination was enlarged, and in due time gave rise to the two oil paintings in the Palace at Zanzibar.

Sayyid Barghash bin Sa'id, the Prince of Zanzibar, Pemba, and the Zangian Coast, is a man of about forty-five, as far as an Arab's age may be guessed. He is tall, somewhat corpulent, and not unhandsome. Were it not that his face betrays the traces of a too uxorious life, and that he has for some reason lately cut off his moustache and trimmed his beard to resemble an English tradesman's, he might even be called good-looking. His complexion is clear, his eyes large and fine, though faded with excesses, and his teeth white and perfect. The Sultan's feet are just of that ideal type that Sir Frederick Leighton loves to paint, and which, until I saw them peeping from Sayyid Barghash's sandals, I never believed to exist. The feet and hands of the Sultan of Zanzibar are the most beautifully formed I ever saw in a man, and he is justly proud of them; but alas! his symmetry ends at his ankles, for he is afflicted with elephantiasis—a not uncommon disease in Zanzibar, and his limbs are swollen and misshapen. Though he speaks no languages but Arabic and Swahili, he is a better-read man than many a contemporary Eastern Sovereign, and even aspires to the honours of an author.

The other day four or five servants of the Sultan arrived at the Consulate, bearing about a dozen volumes of a work in Arabic. This was Part I. of a Digest of Mohammedan Jurisprudence written by the Sultan, and presented with his compliments to the British Agent. In conversation, Sayyid Barghash is often sprightly, and all

that he says is marked by intelligence and good sense. He is simple in his diction, for an Arab, and sometimes baffles verbose flatterers by his curt replies. I may remind you here of a little incident commented on at the time of the Sayyid's visit to England. At his first meeting with Lord Beaconsfield that statesman thought to set him at his ease by addressing him in somewhat high-flown Oriental parlance, and met him with the enigmatic question, "Which does your Highness prefer, flowers or jewels?" "I fail to see any connection between them," replied Sayyid Barghash in all simplicity.

An interview with the Ruler of Zanzibar, then, is not of that *fade* character which characterises a ceremonial visit to most Oriental sovereigns. He poses you with many shrewd questions, and when the reception is over, the coffee and rose-sherbet drunk, and the Sayyid hands you down the well-like staircase, and you depart with the band playing "Rule Britannia," you feel that you have met a man who, had he received anything like an education, and had been trained by civilised ideas of morality to conceal, if not to bridle, his unruly passions, would have made no mean figure among the world's rulers and statesmen.



A CORRIDOR IN SIR JOHN KIRK'S HOUSE

Sayyid Barghash is the son of the last joint ruler of Maskat and Zanzibar—Sayyid Sa'id. His mother was an Abyssinian woman. He has nearly a hundred wives and five or six children, one son only among them. He is brother to the present Imam of Maskat. His income is approximately 300,000l. a year, mostly derived from Customs duties.

Zanzibar, the chief town of his dominions, known as Unguja to the inhabitants, has a population of about 90,000. As regards trade it is the most flourishing and important place in East Africa, and the value of its exports exceeds at the present time 1,300,000l. of which ivory alone contributes 400,000l. The value of the imports is about 1,000,000l., and they chiefly consist of cotton stuffs, kerosene oil, and rice. About 6,000 British subjects reside in the town, mostly

Indians, and in their hands lie the whole retail and most of the wholesale trade.

The streets of Zanzibar are paved with a sort of coral "ray," sometimes cemented over, and are generally, from the nature of their paving, clean and inodorous. They are very narrow, and the houses in the Arab quarters are lofty, so that you may walk about most of the town in perfect shade. There are few really handsome buildings externally, yet many of the portals to the houses and mosques are gracefully designed in Saracenic style. Considerable Persian influence is evident in the general architecture and interior decoration of the mosques and larger buildings, and the Persian pointed arch (different in shape from the Syrian or the Moorish) is constantly met with. In fact, to a student of Saracenic architecture, Zanzibar and the Zangian coast are very interesting, as they offer not only buildings of great age (some of the mosques dating back to the tenth century of our era), but of archaic style, recalling most unmistakably the kind of architecture met with in Saracenic monuments in Spain of the same age, showing thus how universal with the early Arab rule was that distinct architectural style

which they developed from the late Byzantine. Just as there are words in Portuguese and Swahili derived from a common Arabic origin, so the resemblance between the architecture in Southern Portugal and Spain with that of Zanzibar may be explained by recalling the fact that the Iberian Peninsula and the Zangian coast both formed at one time extremities of Arab rule. While Zanzibar, however, resembles any other Eastern city, and differs little in outward aspect from Aleppo or Jaffa, yet the island to which it gives its name is thoroughly tropical African in its virgin state. The vegetation is rank and rich, and nearly every species of the African flora is represented among its plants. There are a few orchids, supposed to be peculiar, and possibly one or two ferns. Many trees have been introduced from India, and flourish in a way that exceeds their development in the mother-country. Magnificent mangoes are planted all over the island, and the fruit they yield is justly celebrated for its flavour of strawberries and cream. Of course pine-apples, oranges, limes, and cocoa-nuts abound, and fruit here may be had all the year round in constant variety and great quantity. Many remarkable and many very beautiful productions in African flora, though by no means peculiar to this island, may be observed and studied here with greater facility than on the mainland. Of such are the magnificent blue *Clitoria*, the extraordinary *Kigelia Africana*, which I here illustrate, the exquisitely lovely *Hibiscus schlotheimii*, the *Crinum* lilies, and the gorgeous-leaved *Crotons*. The zoology of Zanzibar is purely African in its character, as far as it is yet known.

Being separated but a few miles from the mainland, its birds and insects differ little, if at all, from the parent fauna. It possesses, however, at least two species (in common with its sister Isle of Pemba) of peculiar mammals, viz. :—the *Galago Zanzibariensis* (a kind of Lemuroid), and a handsome monkey, the *Colobus Kirkii*. This latter, as its name indicates, was brought to light by Sir John Kirk; it was also extinguished by his means. Like most great men who have helped to extend the British Empire, Sir John has one dark blot on his escutcheon. Warren Hastings exterminated the Rohillas, Governor Eyre was accused of too summarily suppressing the Maroons; Sir John Kirk, more, perhaps, in the interests of British science than of British rule, has entirely destroyed an innocent species of monkey.

The *Colobus Kirkii* had disappeared from nearly every part of the island of Zanzibar, but a rumour prevailed that it still lingered in a clump of forest as yet unvisited by hunters. Thither Sir John sent his *chasseurs* to report on the monkey's existence. After a week's absence they returned, triumph illuminating their swarthy lineaments. "Well, did you find them?" asked the British Consul-General. "Yes," replied the men with glee, "and we killed them every one!" Wherewith twelve monkey corpses were flung upon the floor, and *Colobus Kirkii* joined the list of species extinguished by the act of man.

When Sir John Kirk gets conscience-troubled, and the *manes* of the avenging *Colobi* (as negroes would believe) tamper with his health; when Zanzibar gets stuffy and feverish, and the official routine tryingly monotonous: he steals away, often on foot, to a little paradise he has created among the groves of Mbweni, a tiny settlement on the coast of the island. Here he lives a life that is to him ideally happy. He chats with his tenants, who lead Arcadian lives of nothing to do and plenty to eat; he wanders in a shooting coat amid the groves of coco-palms and the clumps of pandanus that border the sea; he photographs; and, above all, he gardens. Here, among his *Cycads* and his orchids, his *Ensetes* and his *Dracaenas*, spade in hand, a wide-awake hat on his head, a rare flower in his button-hole, and rustic contentment irradiating his face—here, amid scenery which typifies a botanist's paradise, Sir John Kirk is emphatically At Home.

H. H. JOHNSTON



# CURLY: AN ACTOR'S STORY

RELATED BY JOHN COLEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. DOLLMAN

## In Six Weekly Parts — Part III.

### CHAPTER VI.

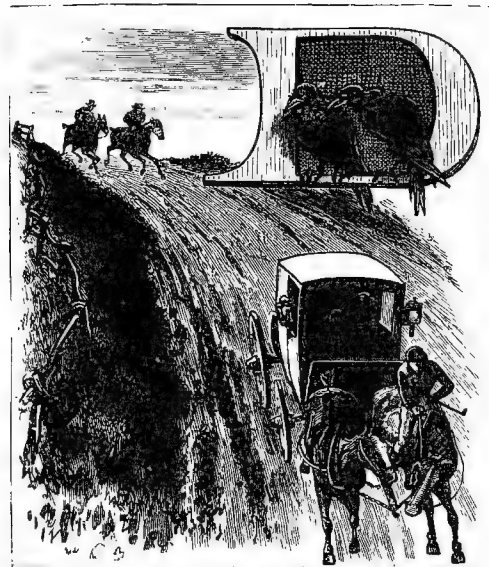
#### AT BAY

URING the journey homewards Flora remained silent. It was in vain that her father tried to draw her into conversation. She remained obdurate, cold and hard as the granite of her native city.

When they changed horses M'Allister got out, and left her to herself and sorrow, while he mounted and rode the rest of the journey with Deempster, who by this time was savagely drunk. Decidedly Dan'l was not pleasant company. Black Care sat behind him, and a fair head, dabbled in blood, when it was not before him, was beside him always—so the two men rode on in silence till they reached Aberdeen.

Flora found Jeannie M'Pherson hovering 'twixt life and death. The name of the perpetrator of the outrage was darkly hinted amongst the servants, but no one dared to speak out. Of course, Flora had her own suspicions.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and it was well for the girl that her young mistress had returned, or M'Allister would have found that his brutality had betrayed him to murder. Poor Jeannie's



sufferings somewhat diverted Flora's mind from her own trouble. Her first duty now was to her faithful handmaiden, whom she nursed with assiduous tenderness.

Next morning at daybreak, when the fishermen went out to cast their nets, they found Curly lying, lashed in blood, where he had fallen the night before. Save for some faint pulsation of the heart, he was to all appearance quite dead. M'Diarmid and three or four of the men carried him to Sandy's cottage, where the goodwife applied fomentations, and for hours and hours chafed the frigid limbs till they slowly revived to life, but consciousness and speech had wholly left him. At last they succeeded in forcing a spoonful or two of whisky and milk down his throat, and thus they kept body and soul together for some days.

At length David Donaldson had got the better of his fall, and was for returning to the Ferry. He had a kind heart, had honest Davie, and when he saw poor Curly in this woeful plight, he forgave him his own crack on the head, which was a stinger, and remembered only that Curly had given him nine golden sovereigns. Then he volunteered to go to Dundee, and "spring" a guinea for a surgeon.

Next day he returned with Dr. Dixon, the famous theatrical physician, who recognised Curly instantly, despite his battered condition.

"Good God!" exclaimed the doctor, "this is an awful business. Concussion of the brain—compound fracture! Who did it? It's murder or manslaughter at the least! No accident here, but a foul blow. Who did it? D'ye hear?"

M'Diarmid replied, "De'il o' me kens, or ony o' thae chaps," pointing to the group of fishermen. "We found the puir laddie lying at the foot o' the great muckle hill, yestreen was a week past."

That was all the information Dixon could obtain. Doubtless M'Diarmid and Davie had their suspicions as to how the outrage had occurred, but they kept their own counsel for the present.

Dixon wasted no time in words. He decided that his patient must be taken to Dundee at once. Without delay the poor fellow was carried down to the coach, and M'Diarmid and Elspeth accompanied Davie and the doctor, the goodwife tenderly nursing Curly's head upon her lap all the way, and never quitting him till he was safely ensconced in the Infirmary. The poor soul had a son of his age fighting the Queen's battles far away in India—so she kissed his fevered brow, and muttered,

"Puir bairn! It's my heart that's sair for ye. Puir laddie! puir laddie! It's wae for the mither that bare ye."

When M'Diarmid led her from the room she hissed in his ear, "Sandy, 'twas yon muckle lang loon with the corbie's beak and the evil een that did it. But he'll never prosper with the lassie, nor with aught else."

Curly's case was one that almost baffled the faculty, but Dr. Dixon was not to be beaten; he had made up his mind to save his patient, and save him he did at last. Perchance it had been better for the poor fellow had he died then and there.

The good Samaritans at the Infirmary nursed him by day, watched over him by night with unceasing tenderness and care, anticipating his every wish, his every look.

When at length, after months of darkness and delirium, the light of reason began to dawn, there was general rejoicing throughout the place, for they had grown to love the poor creature, even as though he were their own kith and kin. Every morning when Dr. Dixon came in his patient's face would light up into the shadow of a smile, and his eyes would follow his nurse with a kind of dumb, dog-like gratitude. Though speech was denied him he could distinguish all that was said to him, and it was quite touching to see him gently take the hand of nurse or doctor, and kiss it with some of the old grace.

When at length Jeannie M'Pherson recovered, she could scarcely recognise her beautiful young mistress in the stern, grey woman to whom she owed her life. As soon as she was able to speak coherently Flora insisted on the truth. When the girl told her all Flora's anger against M'Allister ripened into openly avowed indignation, and the estrangement between father and child was complete. As for Deempster, she had always disliked him, now she positively loathed the sight of the plete. As for a constant visitor, but whenever he entered the room she left it—whenever he sat down to table she rose, and quitted it without a word.

One day the two men had been drinking together, and M'Allister brought the other into dinner. As soon as Flora saw him she rose and turned towards the door.

"Bide a wee, Flora," said M'Allister. "It's time to put a stop to this nonsense. You may as well accustom yourself to Strathmines' company, because I've given my word that you are to be his wife."

"And Mr. Deempster?" she inquired, coldly.

"Why, look here, Flora," replied Dan'l.

At the very sound of his voice she drew herself up disdainfully.

"Sir," she said, "I have already given my father an answer, but evidently he has not been frank with you. I shall never marry. If my marriage could save the world and all that is in it from destruction, you are the last man on earth that I could ever call husband. Gracious God!" she cried, bursting out, "can this creature not see how I hate him? I loathe the very sound of his voice. His sight is poison to me? For you, sir," she said, turning to her father, "if ever you suffer this man to obtrude himself on me again, I quit your roof the next moment."

She then left the room. From that time forth she confined herself to her own apartments; except for her faithful Jeannie, she was always alone.

So, after all their scheming, after all their violence, it had come to this:—Three lives blighted, two hearts broken, and the Laird of Strathmines further off than ever from the one object on which he had centred his hopes, in this world and the next.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### GOOD SAMARITANS

SIX months and more had elapsed since Willie and Curly had parted. Jamieson thought it strange after all Donald's protestations, that he had never once written, and the soft place in his heart grew sore. At length the time arrived for the return of the company to Aberdeen.

One day, taking a solitary ramble in the neighbourhood of the Cairloch Heald, the young tragedian encountered a lady and her maid driving in an open pony carriage. She looked at him, and bowed; he bowed again as she passed out of sight. The face evoked an impression—not a recollection. Yes, he had seen a face somewhere like that before. Could it be? Psha! No. This woman was sterner and older—she was twenty years older—and yet, how the face haunted him!

Next morning he found a letter on the breakfast table. It was an official looking document, written on blue paper. On the outside was printed in bold characters, "Royal Infirmary, Dundee." The superscription was in a strange hand. Eagerly tearing open the envelope, he read these six words:—

"DEAR WILLIE,—Come to me.—CURLY."

Feeble and indistinct as were the characters, there was no mistake about the writer. Without waiting for food or anything else Willie ran down to Johnston's lodgings, showed him the letter, and asked leave of absence. The manager, who was not without just cause for complaint against Curly for "bolting" at a moment's notice, and leaving him in the lurch, said,

"Go, my lad—go at once. There's something wrong, depend on't. Do you want any tin?"

"Well, I'm not all over money, sir, and I may want something when I get to Dundee."

"Well—take ten pounds. Will that be enough?"

"Quite enough."

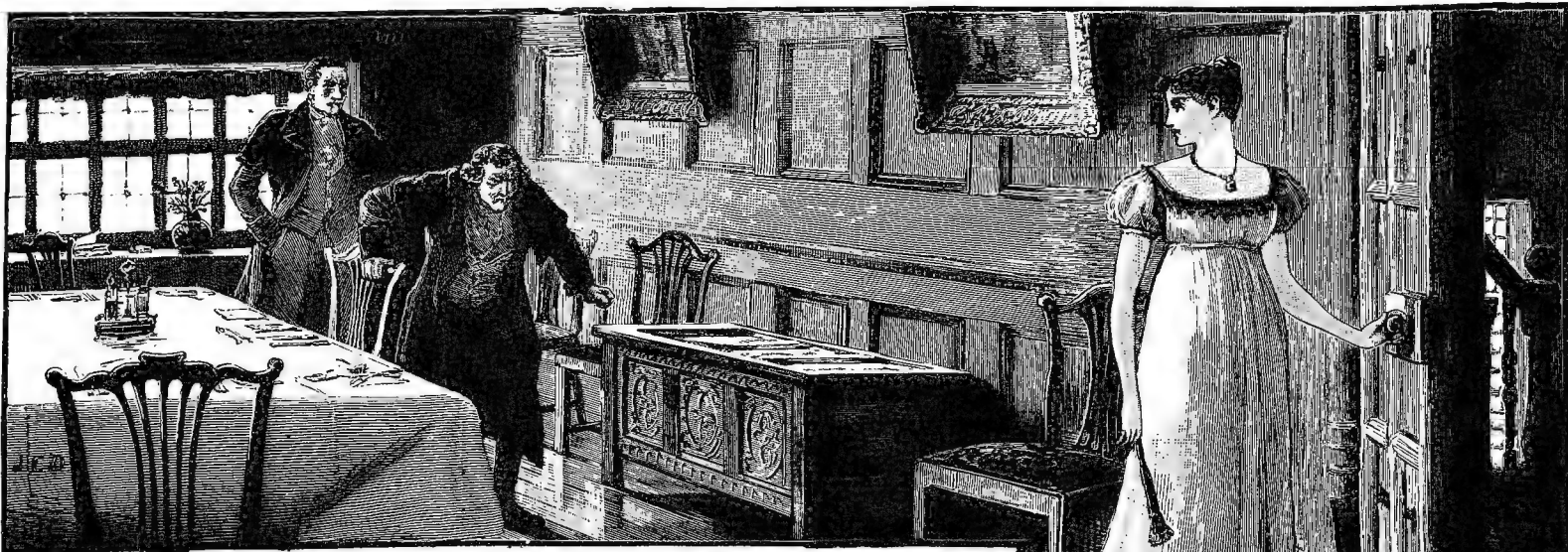
"Stop. Should you need any more, send for it, and tell the young beggar that the old berth is open to him if he likes to come back. Good-bye, and good luck to you. Drop me a line as soon as you see how the land lies, and take a week's leave of absence. I'll play Macbeth to-night, and arrange the business for the rest of the week without you."

Next morning, by eleven o'clock, Jamieson was at the Infirmary in Dundee. Doctor Dixon told him, as far as he knew, all that had happened, then they went to the invalid's room together. They found him sleeping tranquilly—but, oh, so changed—so worn and wasted—the sight went to Willie's heart. When poor Curly awoke he looked up, their eyes met, there was a convulsive movement about the mouth and the muscles of the throat, then he gasped out the first articulate words he had uttered for months, "Willie, dear old chap, I knew you'd come." With that, he put his wasted arms round the other's neck, and burst out crying like a child. The doctor blew his nose till it resounded like a speaking trumpet, and withdrew, leaving orders for the two young men to be left alone. Thanks to his influence, they slept in the same room, so that they were not separated night or day during his short visit. After that Curly's recovery, though still slow, was certain. Jamieson was, of course, anxious to know what had really occurred since their parting, and how it was that the accident or outrage had happened. One day he broached the subject, but at the mere mention of Flora's name the other fell into a paroxysm of grief, which was not only terrible to behold, but caused a relapse of so serious a character as to be attended with great danger. That morning, when Doctor Dixon came, he found his patient trembling, convulsed, and speechless. The work of months had been undone in an instant.

"What's up?" he inquired.

When Jamieson explained, he grunted, "Oh, a woman, of course. I might have known that; there always is a woman! That explains the rest. There is a man, then, doubtless—another man—and he it is who has smashed this poor lad's skull. D'ye ken the murdering thief?"

"I think I do," replied Willie. "If I were sure of it! If only I were sure of it."



"Anyhow, you may be quite sure of one thing," said Dixon. "The blow that nearly bludgeoned your friend out of life came from a loaded weapon of some sort."

"If I live," said the other, "I'll find it out. I know the man—he may escape the law, but, and he set his teeth, he shall not escape me. It may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next week—but, sooner or later, I'll have it out with him as sure as my name's Willie Jamieson." And so the matter dropped for the present.

The doctor gave Curly a composing draught, and next day he began to mend again, though slowly. At the end of the week Willie had to return to Aberdeen to wind up the season and to take his benefit. When he told Curly that he must go, he moaned piteously.

"You're not going to leave me so soon?" But he was reassured when Willie told him that he would return in a fortnight.

When Jamieson got back to Aberdeen, he recalled the mysterious lady. He understood well enough now who she was. So he went straight to M'Allister's house, and asked to see Flora. He encountered the old man, who was characteristically insolent, and demanded to know "what the blazes he wanted with his daughter?" A little insolence went a long way with Jamieson, who could be dangerous



when he was angered, and Mr. M'Allister concluded it was best to be civil, and even vouchsafed the information that his daughter had gone to Edinburgh on a visit to her aunt. Upon the subject uppermost in both men's hearts they did not even touch. Jamieson departed in an evil mood to seek Deempster's house. Fortunately for the Laird of Strathmines, he too had gone to Edinburgh.

At length it was time to return to Dundee for the commencement of the season.

Thanks to the consideration of the doctor and the house surgeon the rules and regulations of the Infirmary were relaxed in favour of their patient, and all the members of the company—men, women, and children—were permitted to come and see him, bringing little presents of flowers and the like.

These visits, instead of fatiguing, brought him daily fresh breaths of life from the outer world, and he began to rally rapidly.



One day Elspeth M'Diarmid and her husband came over to see how he was getting on. The old woman had brought him a handful of primroses which she had plucked herself from the burnside.

Although he had no actual recollection of her, some finer instinct, which took the place of memory, drew him towards her, and he said, "Kiss me, mother." As she did so, Elspeth's heart stirred within her at the thought of her own boy fighting in the wild Mahratta wars far away, and a tear fell on the lad's brow as she turned from him in silence. As she was leaving the Infirmary with Sandy, whom should she encounter at the door but Jamieson, who had just returned from rehearsal. "Sandy, Sandy!" the old woman said, or rather screamed. "Look at the laddie, the bonnie laddie! I ha'e seen him thrice by day and thrice by night, front to front wi' yon muckle beast with the corbie's beak and the evil een. Vance in the kirkyar, yance in the glen, an' yance in the granite street. Twice afoot, and yance a horseback—yance hand to hand—yance wi' the bluidy brand i' the air. I see them the noo—and it's aye the same by day and night. Oh! Aye! Aye! Oh! I've dreed my weird!" And down she fell. Willie came up to help her, and when she had recovered, which she did very soon, he inquired of the old man the meaning of this extraordinary scene.

"Why, you see, sir," said Sandy, "the guidwife has a wee bit second sight. It has been in the bluid of her forbears for generations, an' she's just mixed you up with yon' lad wi' the curly pow upstairs, an' she aye mixes him wi' our ain Donald, who's in the Black Watch fighting out yon'er for the Queen, God bless her!"

Jamieson's curiosity was aroused, so he told the old people that he was Curly's friend and brother, coaxed them into his lodgings, got them to eat and drink, and then, in the fulness of their hearts, they told him all they knew of the business the other side of the water, and their suspicions about Deempster. It seems that in some abnormal condition of trance or vision the old woman had seen Strathmines strike the blow at Curly. At any rate, her recognition of Willie, whom she had never seen before, was, to say the least of it, very strange, and her premonition of some coming encounter between him and Deempster was stranger still. When they parted, her last words were,

"Beware the white horse and the whip—the whip with the thong at the tail, an' the prongs o' buckthorn at the head. Strike first, and strike hame, laddie!"

That was the first and the last Willie saw of Elspeth M'Diarmid and her husband, but he had occasion to remember her words later on.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PARTING OF ORESTES AND PYLADES

CURLY's recovery now was a mere question of time. One day Dr. Dixon said to Jamieson:

"I think your friend may leave the hospital in a week or so, but you must be very careful with him. Above all things keep him from drink. I fear he has a tendency that way, and any outburst of that description may prove fatal; certainly to his reason, probably to his life! Keep him from it, for God's sake!"

"With God's help I'll do my best," said Willie.

At the end of the week he took his poor friend to his lodgings, and tended him as if, indeed, he had been the little brother he had lost so long ago. As for Curly, he accompanied Willie daily to rehearsal, went with him at night to the theatre, assisted him to dress, followed him to the wings, trotted about after him like a dog. It was quite beautiful to note the devotion of these men to each other—more beautiful and more touching even than the love of woman.

Warned by former experience, Jamieson was careful never again to refer to Flora, and Curly never even mentioned her name, so henceforth the subject was tabooed between them. As to what passed through that tortured brain and wounded heart none knew but God and himself. Let us hope that God helped him to bear his burden.

Dr. Dixon was unremitting in his attentions, but he was stern in his discipline, and wouldn't permit his patient any stimulant beyond a pint of light claret and two or three whiffs of tobacco daily. Of course Willie had to fall into the same regimen to set a good example. Curly had never smoked before, and the nicotine weed soothed him exceedingly. At first he dreaded the idea of acting again, but as he continued to gain health and strength a desire grew upon him to play for Willie's "benefit." He kept the notion to himself for some time; at last he took courage, and asked Dixon if he thought he might venture to act. This was exactly the healthful

stimulant that the doctor desired, and he at once gave permission. Curly ran over the stage, a boy once more, caught Willie by both hands, and hugged him, as he exclaimed:

"Look here, old man, I've got a surprise for you. The doctor says I may act for your benefit. Please may I play some little part—something like 'Charles, his friend?'"

"Charles, his friend," he hanged!" replied Willie. "No, you shall play Charles, my brother. We'll do the *School for Scandal*, eh, doctor? Do you think it will be too much for him?"

"Deuce a bit," replied Dixon.

From this moment Curly got better and better.

At length the night of the benefit arrived. Willie's own abundant popularity, the romantic interest surrounding Curly's first appearance, and the known attachment of the two young fellows to each other combined to make this night the event of the season. The house was full to overflowing, the musicians were crowded out by the pitites, the overture was played on the stage.

After the first act the poor orchestra was actually sent up to the "flies." Then the box people were driven behind the scenes, and there they stood on the wings in sight of the audience. At length, in the last scene, the stage itself was more than half-filled, as in the old Elizabethan times, with the *dile* of the place, and when the tag was spoken, had it not been for the costumes, it would have been impossible to distinguish the actors from the audience. Curly never acquitted himself better. He had taken a new lease of life—his career was about to begin afresh. Willie, too, had distinguished himself admirably—indeed the comedy altogether was a great success. People crowded round the brothers and began to congratulate them.

This performance was destined to form an epoch in the lives of the young actors. It so happened that that very night the managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, were amongst the auditors. Next morning Curly received an offer for the ensuing season at Drury Lane, and Willie was engaged as principal tragedian for the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. A month afterwards they took leave of their dear old manager with many protestations of gratitude for past kindnesses, and went on their way to their respective engagements, travelling as far as Edinburgh together.

Before the coach started for London Willie thrust a handful of coin upon Curly. It was half the amount of the Dundee benefit. The latter objected, for he had still a few pounds left, but the other would take no denial, and so, with aching hearts and tearful eyes, Orestes and Pylades parted.

(To be continued)



EDNA LYALL has written "In the Golden Days" (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett) to the honour and glory of that most impracticable of patriots, Algernon Sidney. She has, as becomes a genuine hero worshipper, painted the martyr's portrait rather according to the measure of her own enthusiasm than to such authorities as Burnet or Barillon: though his imaginary conversations unintentionally carry out the overbearing dogmatism ascribed to him by the former. She is legitimately severe upon King Charles, of the Vicar of Bray's "Golden Days," for becoming a pensioner of the French King, and ignores the fact that the republican, no less for his own purposes, followed his monarch's example. Impartiality is not to be looked for in her pages; which, for the rest, are picturesque and entertaining. Nor need the ordinary novel-reader feel dismay at the prospect of being entirely delivered over into the hands of so austere and, it must be owned, wearisome a companion as Sidney. She has also a hero in the technical sense, with many strange adventures and a love story—a young man who, blessed (or cursed) with the temperaments of the romantic poet and the peaceful scholar combined, is called upon to play the uncongenial part of a political martyr in dangerous times, and under circumstances of exceptional trial. The interest of the story depends upon how, despite of nature, and by the united aid of love and slowly-awakened conscience, he rises to the height of terrible occasions. The story is interesting, and possesses the strength of thorough earnestness: its principal fault is that the characters lack the mental colour of their own time, while those who are historical are too consistent with the conventional, cut-and-dried labels attached to them by popular tradition to be entirely human. They all pose in one attitude. The fictitious characters, however, are natural and true, especially when they happen to be girls.

"Primus in Indis," a Romance, by M. J. Colquhoun (2 vols. : Chapman and Hall), tells how a young gentleman of Gloucestershire, implicated in the Jacobite plots that followed the '45, and turned out of doors by his father through the intrigues of a treacherous cousin, found himself, under singularly adventurous circumstances, taking a share in the defence of Calcutta against Surajah Dowlah, narrowly escaping the Black Hole (Mr. Holwell's narrative being given in his own words), and finally how, having fought at Plassey, he ten years later obtained the command of all the forces in the East Indies and came home with a peerage. Historical characters are introduced freely—Prince Charles Edward, Clive, Surajah Dowlah, Meer Jafier, Omichund: indeed as many as the large extent of the framework will allow. The number of incidents, imaginary, historical, and both combined, that Mr. Colquhoun has contrived to pack into fewer than five hundred very uncrowded pages is somewhat astonishing, especially as he finds plenty of room for a highly-romantic love story. There is no attempt at dramatic construction; and the consequent free admission of unconnected episodes is appropriate to a semi-historical narrative supposed to be told by the adventurer who went through so many experiences in so short a time. It is a fault, however, that the narrator never succeeds in attracting the sympathy supposed to be due to him. He is a sort of calculating shuttlecock, instead of the loyal and unfortunate gentleman intended by Mr. Colquhoun. Inartistic as it is, the story is lively and amusing, and constantly makes the reader wish for even fuller detail—so long as it is not of the sort which makes a dweller in the neighbourhood of Stow-on-the-Wold imagine his native place to be forty miles from Gloucester, and to be situated in the midst of mountain scenery. And why does he call the poet of the "Faerie Queen" "Spencer," and always write "Duplex" for "Dupleix"? The novel is at any rate good enough to have been worth the trouble of revising in other matters than these.

"Gerald," by Eleanor C. Price (3 vols. : Chatto and Windus), is a novel of fully average merit, having for its speciality a description of life at the South African diamond fields. The subject is no longer new—indeed there has been of late rather a run among novelists upon South Africa. However, the field is by no means exhausted as a mine of incident, and the unattractive description

given by the authoress of "Gerald" has all the air of reality and of personal experience, whether that be actually the case or no. Intending adventurers will not be encouraged by its perusal, and will not think Gerald's stroke of luck worth all that he and his wife had to go through before it was gained. One or two of the characters are, without being by any means original studies, better pieces of portraiture than ordinary. We have often before met with the typical disagreeable old lady in fiction, who bullies all her relations and friends except those who face her boldly: but Eleanor Price has at any rate put fresh life and vigour into her particular specimen. The novel has no shortcomings worth pointing out, while its merits, though not particularly remarkable, are sufficient to ensure a fair amount of interest and pleasure on the part of the reader.

"At Any Cost," by Edward Garrett (1 vol. : Edinburgh : Oliphant, Anderson, and Farrier), has a distinct religious and moral colouring, but not so obtrusively marked as to lessen the effect intended. Its literary merits are decidedly above the average, the characters being vividly defined and brightly portrayed. Nor is it without a welcome vein of sharp and humorous satire. The account of the proceedings at the Refuge for Destitute Strangers effectively ridicules patronising and self-important charity, so called. The story is of the slightest, and an author who knows something about the Shetland Islands has by no means made the most of his opportunities, seeing that our British *Ultima Thule* is well nigh comparatively virgin ground in fiction. He soon leaves the islands for London, and his starting point is altogether immaterial.

"Recalled," by Charles Stewart (1 vol. : Sampson Low and Co.), except in the matter of its title, and in the fact that its hero is temporarily blind, stands in no need of its author's disclaimer of having owed anything to "Called Back." There is no real similarity: and in point of originality there is little, if at all, to choose, the balance, if anything, being on the side of the present story which, it appears, though the later to be published, was the earlier to be written. Originality, however, by no means necessarily implies interest, and in that all important respect "Recalled" fails. Its author's ideas are often excellent in themselves, and might have been rendered effective, but his exceedingly crude notions of construction have for the most part wasted them. The plot is intensely romantic, and concerns itself but little with probabilities. The perversity with which good situations are spoiled and opportunities missed is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as "Recalled" might so easily have been made a really striking and attractive story—as indeed some very easily-satisfied readers may no doubt find it as it stands.



## II.

Harper, this month, opens with a lively and entertaining article by Mr. Birge Harrison on "Española and Its Environs." "This baby city," he writes, "lies in the beautiful valley of the Rio Grande, in the midst of a cluster of hoary old Spanish towns and Indian pueblos. It is thirty miles north of Santa Fe, and is the southernmost point reached by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway." Here is gathered a motley collection of human beings engaged in the search for gold. "Every man in the country carries in his pocket a lump of green or blue mineral and a microscope. One of my everyday experiences consisted in being drawn mysteriously aside by some rough diamond, who would immediately produce the aforementioned object, with the simple but emphatic remark, 'Examine that, sir.'—Another capital paper is "Through London by Canal," by Mr. Benjamin Ellis Martin. It is admirably illustrated, and contains much information about a great metropolitan waterway little known to Londoners.

The *Scottish Review* for April is a very substantial number. While it supplies much solid reading, the subjects of the articles are happily chosen to interest the general public. "Canada: Its Political Development," is instructive for all who wish to learn something of the working in Greater Britain of those institutions which have had their origin in England.—"Our Foreign Policy," too, is an ably-written examination of the causes of the uncertainty in English foreign policy for many years past. Among other recommendations to our politicians are the following: "Let us abstain from sending communications to foreign Governments which lack the peculiar point which can only be given to them by myriads of bayonets, and, above all, let us refrain from preaching through the Press high morality to foreign nations, which from their limited knowledge of Irish and Indian history simply excites their laughter and their scorn. Let us, in short, for the present, circumscribe our dealings in foreign affairs as much as possible, aim at conducting such dealings in a way removed from party bias, and thus initiate a foreign policy, the continuity of which shall command respect, and which, while unaggressive, shall be in accord with the proud motto of Scotland, 'Nemo me impune lacessit!'"

The *City Quarterly Magazine* makes its appearance for the first time this month. It purports to be a view and review of affairs, public, financial, and commercial. As is but right and proper its initial number is a strong one. There is one capital paper on "The Cash Value of the Colonies." The writer shows by statistics that we draw as direct cash value from the Colonies upwards of 50,000,000l. per annum. At the conclusion of his well-reasoned article he says, "In fine, England possesses most valuable assets in those Colonies. They appear destined to absorb, and to absorb profitably, large and increasing amounts of our surplus population. Our Colonial possessions, valued in cash, are accumulating at compound interest."—"What Prince Bismarck Wants," by an "Anglo-German," will also repay perusal.—In brief, the *City Quarterly Magazine* deserves to have a great success, not only among business men, but among thoughtful reading men of all classes.

Mr. Archibald Forbes draws effectively upon his reminiscences in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. His "Wolseley: A Character Sketch," will be generally attractive, especially now, when the war-clouds loom ominously around. He met Lord Wolseley first in 1871, at the Autumn Manœuvres of that year, and frequently renewed the acquaintance then begun. Mr. Forbes has handled his matter in his best manner, and those who read his article will have confidence that England's soldiers will be in safe keeping if the Adjutant-General of the Forces has cause to face European foes in the field.—Mr. Bret Harte's "A Ship of '49" comes to an unexpected end with an exquisite touch of grim and characteristic humour. The magazine is as admirable as ever in the quality of its get-up, its letterpress, and illustrations.

The *Sunday Magazine* maintains well its high standard as a serial of religious reading. Besides a paper by the Bishop of Ripon on "Christ's Method of Teaching," Dr. Stevenson-Moore's "At the Deep-Sea Fisheries" merits attention. There are some 12,000 men and boys constantly on those submarine mountains known as the Dogger Bank, and to these people the writer went as Chaplain of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen. The subject is an interesting one, and is here well handled. The wood illustrations are very effective presentations of sea life.—Dr. G. Macdonald contributes some simple and pretty verses on "The Girl that Lost Things."

Although the *Highland Magazine*, as a whole, appeals more exclusively to Celtic readers, "The True Reading of Irish History,"



by W. MacNeil, may have a wider interest. His theory is that the Irishman is far from being a true Celt, and he defends the Celtic blood from the charge of having any influence on the misdoings, real or imaginary, of the sons of Erin.

*Harper's Young People* seems to be very much what a serial for youngsters, from eight to twelve years old ought to be. It is a pity that it should not render impossible the sale of the mischievous trash that is responsible for the misdeeds of a Master Thomas Stead. The stories, and the sketches in history, from travel, and from nature are written with simplicity and sense. Of the tales we may commend Mr. E. J. Stevenson's "Ford Bonner among the Gypsies" to the notice of boys.

Another new magazine is the *Child's Pictorial*. It is intended for children between four and eight years, and its laudable purpose is both to edify and instruct them. The price of the magazine is only twopenny, and when the fact that the pictures are printed in colours, the excellent printing, and so on are taken into account, it cannot be said to be dear at the money. "Matt's Tumble," by the author of "Patty," is the bright little opening story, but all the matter is good and wholesome, and should delight the little ones, for whom this prettily-got-up-serial is intended.

As to *Latine* it is very much of an academical curiosity, and we scarcely imagine its circle of readers is likely to be wide. We like best a reprint of a fine old Latin hymn beginning:—

Pone luctum, Magdalenā!  
Et serena lacrimas;

to which are appended Greek and English translations of more doubtful merit.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is "A Study of Drapery and Gesture," reproduced in *fac-simile* from a drawing by Edward Burne Jones, of whose work as a painter Mr. Claude Phillips writes an exhaustive and interesting criticism.—Mr. A. Egmont Hake writes "The Romance of Art: A Forgotten Painter." His paper deals attractively with that Bohemian eighteenth-century lover of Nature, Lantara. "Poems and Pictures" as usual fill one charming page in the *Magazine of Art*.

### AMONG THE CROFTERS

IN an able article on "The Crofter Problem," in the *March Contemporary Review*, Mr. John Rae says: "There are estates like Clyth, for example, where a system of rack-renting worse than Irish has prevailed." It was my fortune to spend a week last Christmas on the estate to which unenviable prominence has thus been given. While I was there a crofter demonstration was held, and I went to it. The place of meeting was the public school. It is a lonely building, situated on a patch of moorland sloping to the sea. The principal class-room was crowded with about two hundred men of various ages. All of them were active, muscular fellows. They took their seats quietly, saying nothing beyond a greeting to their neighbours. Each weather-beaten face wore a look of expectancy, and deepened into earnestness as the chairman walked to the desk set apart for him. He got no boisterous welcome, but many warm glances of sympathy and recognition. He was one of themselves, and has proved a worthy champion of their cause. His broad forehead, keen blue eyes, and strongly-marked countenance gave him the air of a leader; and a real leader has he been on more than one occasion to his oppressed brethren. His opening words were few, but to the point. They had met to discuss some motions, which, if stamped with the approval of the meeting, were to be forwarded to Mr. Macfarlane, M.P., as the voice of the Clyth crofters.

But before coming to the motions they were to hear a paper read. The reader of the paper—a young fisherman—performed his task well. His grammar was wonderful, and his arguments, if not elegantly put, were forcibly expressed. He spoke about Sir William Harcourt's proposed concessions from the landlords with suppressed bitterness. In his opinion they offered no solution of the difficulty. Parliamentary and not landlord justice was needed. The justice of the landlords would be that of Shylock; it mercilessly demanded the pound of flesh. This led him to speak of their own landlord. Evidently that gentleman is a far from favourable specimen of the Scotch laird. Mr. Rae's strong language is quite justifiable in the circumstances, for it seems the rental of the estate has risen during the last forty years from 1,000*l.* to 4,360*l.* So large an increase must mean largely-increased misery. It does. No forbearance is shown to the tenant on pay-day. He must produce the money, or quit. Nor is the tenant seeking repairs on his house, or improvements on his field, more fortunate. He meets with no response, or, if he is favoured with one, it is a taunt, like: "Go to Gladstone, and he'll do it for you."

To go over in detail the several speeches thereafter made would serve no useful purpose. It will be enough to indicate their drift as expressed in the resolutions put to the meeting and unanimously carried. The first maintained that no Land Bill for Scotland will be satisfactory without reappportionment and compensation for improvements. The second sought the establishment of a Land Court in each county, the members of which should be gentlemen acquainted with the nature and capabilities of the soil; the work of the Court to be the valuation of the holdings and the division of the ground. The third respectfully asked the Government to advance the money required for improvements at the rate of three per cent. per annum to those applying for it. The various resolutions were well supported. The need for their being soon carried into practice was clearly shown. The inefficacy of other solutions of the problem the crofters had to face was handled more than once. Emigration will not do. "Why emigrate," asked one speaker, "when there is plenty of land in our own country?" He thought that, if the big farms and the deer-forests and the sheep-runs were lessened, there would be room enough for them and their children in the old country. The most telling speech was made by a cheery-faced man with a long flowing beard. He drew a parallel between their condition and that of their horses, greatly in favour of the latter. His horse was his property, yet he could not do with it what he pleased. If he lashed it or abused it, the law would step in and punish him. But the landlord could lash them with exorbitant rents, and take away from them the means of living, without any risk of being called to account by the law. This bold assertion went home. It was greeted with hearty applause and murmured cries of "It's true! It's true!" Beyond this outburst the proceedings were marked by a stillness unbroken save by an occasional cheer. There was no rowdiness. They were men met for a purpose, and to the accomplishment of that purpose they devoted themselves with steady determination.

What is the use of such meetings? the reader may ask. One use is they serve as a safety-valve to let the discontent generated by grievances hard to bear escape. Men rendered desperate by a keen sense of wrong might do reckless deeds did not the open discussion of their wrongs give an outlet to their indignation. So they have much talk if little action. The talk may lead to action; not action on the lines of the Irish agitators, but the remodelling of the existing laws. These sturdy crofters are a law-abiding people. Religion has too great a hold of them, and their feeling of duty to recognised authority is too strong, to allow violent measures on their part. There is a story told of one of their number who resolved to take the law into his own hands. He had a long score to settle with his landlord, and he made up his mind to settle it with his threshing-flail. Having screwed up his courage with several glasses of whisky, he shouldered his primitive weapon of offence one winter

evening, and went to a lonely part of the road he knew the laird must pass on his way home from the collecting of the rents. Arrived there, he waited patiently. But the cold night, the stillness of the spot, and the haunting fear of the consequences of the act he meditated, unnerved him in spite of the fortifying influences of the whisky. He turned home, with his flail under his arm, a sadder but a wiser man. Like his neighbours, he thought the better plan would be to agitate in a constitutional way for what he believed to be his rights.

These dwellers on the North-East Coast are not like their brethren in the Hebrides. They are Norse, and not Celtic. They have nothing of the laziness attributed, I fear but too justly, to the men of Lewis. They are very active. They have wrought hard at their patches of ground, tearing out the moorland, or digging the rocky soil. Their only reward as yet has been an increase of rent as soon as their leases are ended. The lairds and not they get the benefit of their labour. Their lives are burdened with the pathos of pinching and toiling to make ends meet. All the year round the constant effort is to scrape enough money to pay the rent. The father goes with ragged trousers, the mother with a tattered dress, the children shoeless, that every shilling may find its way to the landlord's pocket. This is pathetic, indeed. Not that they feel it so. If they can face their proprietor at the end of the year, they are glad. Privations are forgotten in the joy of sitting by the fireside without the fear of eviction. They cannot endure the town. Houses may be cheaper there; but the free air and wider life of the country are indispensable to them. So the men go to fish in the sea and toil on the land, the women feed the sheep and calves for the market, the children herd the cattle of some better-off neighbour, that their united earnings may provide the Highland Shylock with his pound of flesh. Some seasons bring them better luck. When the catches of herring are large, and the price is good, the rent can be paid from the sea alone; but these years have not been numerous of late.

If they are superior to the West Coast crofters in activity, they are also superior to them in intelligence. The Lewisman is too often a stupid. His accomplishments are bounded by a boat and a spade. He reads few books; he scarcely ever sees a newspaper. His thoughts and ways of looking at things belong to the past. With the Northern crofter it is otherwise. He is abreast of the age. He has his weekly paper, and studies it carefully. He often has a talk with the "dominie" about the questions of the day, or waylays the minister for the latest news. He is no stranger to some of the great masters of English literature. Often in the long winter nights, when the net is mended and the "bairns" are in their bed, does he pore over some interesting and useful volume. The result is the clearness of intellect and the breadth of information which more than once called forth the praise of the members of the Commission sent to inquire into the condition of the crofters in the Highlands and islands.

D. S.



How the cream of the cream lives and moves, and has its being; what the *élite*, the people who pull (or at any rate in pre-Caucasian days used to pull) the strings of Government, do and say when they are not before the public; what are the bright things which make their letters worth reading, their talk worth recording—to be interested in this is a very different affair from hankering after the questionable stuff that Society journals purvey. The "Autobiography of Henry Taylor" (Longmans) ministers to the former, which is a wholesome, as distinguished from the latter, which is an unwholesome taste. These two volumes belong to the best class of French *mémoires pour servir*; for the future Macaulay will go to them for the fine touches of his picture of London life in the nineteenth century, and will be helped by them to lay bare the springs of action of successive Ministries. Of course, any one may laugh at Sir H. Taylor's frank assumption of vanity, at his genial conviction that he is in duty bound to put down all his official appointments and disappointments, all his private doings, his opinions on little-known people, his answers to friendly criticisms, his remarks on the elaboration of his non-business letters. The laugh, however, will be a very small one; for Sir Henry is candour itself as to his estimate of his own worth; he writes like what he is, the spoiled child of English official life; he is rather proud of being (as his fond father puts it) so full of matter having read so little, and of not hating, indeed, but being unable to like the *profanum vulgus*. He put together this autobiography deliberately, as part of his life's duty, for "the little delicate public, whom unfortunately he can't whisper to without being overheard by the monster;" and those who will be interested in almost every word of his book are many more than that still more delicate public who looked to "Philip van Artevelde" "to give a new turn to the taste of the day, and revive a purer and higher love of poetry." Any one can sneer at the mutual admiration of Sir Henry and of Aubrey de Vere, for their verdict of one another has not yet been ratified by the world; but besides being a poet, once so famous that the Lady Gorgias Midas of the period sent him an invitation addressed to "P. van Artevelde, Esq.," this son of a verse-making Northumbrian squire and a Durham iron-monger's daughter, in whose mother's letters (why not more of them?) racy originality contends with the didactic stiffness of the last century, was the prompter of successive Colonial Secretaries, nay, almost as much an autocrat as "Mr. Over-Secretary Stephen" himself. Of much colonial legislation he can truly say: *pars magna fui*. Once, indeed, his will was overruled, to the cost both of Jamaica and of England. Had the House of Assembly been dealt with as he advised, Governor Eyre would not have had to put down a Black rising. His reminiscences of all sorts of people, from the awful Lady Holland (whom he bearded to her face) to Cardinal Manning, who for a while occupied a stool in the same Office, are charmingly candid. We wish he had told us more about Mr. Gladstone, whom in 1836 he calls "a very considerable man, with more of the devil in him than appears," and about whom at the end of his book he asks enigmatically: "Have the English people ever cared whether their Minister was of a higher or lower order in his nature and conscience, and with competent skill and ability?" Of Lord Melbourne everybody has a good story; but better than most of them is his way of consoling a candidate for a Commission, rejected because of proved dishonesty in his calling as a solicitor: "Yes; but, damn the fellows, they say they won't serve with you." Better, however, than all Sir Henry's good stories is what he tells us of the lovable, warm-hearted, eccentric Mrs. Cameron (of photographic fame), and of the Irish beggar-girl who in her hands turned out such a success. The nearest thing in the book is the explanation of how Sir Henry's father-in-law (Spring Rice, Lord Monteagle; "Runnymede's") "Irish adventurer metamorphosed into a Chancellor of the English Exchequer" came to lose his wonderful popularity. The few sentences about it are cut like a cameo.

With contributors like Professor Gardiner, Mr. Mullinger, Mr. W. P. Courtney, Mr. Lane-Poole, and Mr. Tregellas, and edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, "The Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith and Elder) cannot fail to be worthy of its great subject. The

only drawback to such a compendious work is that, despite the number of writers engaged on it, it can never overtake the time. This second volume, from "Annesley" to "Baird" inclusive, is of course up to date; but before we are able for "Antrim, Earl of" to "See MacDonnell," Dr. Appleton, one of its most recent names, will have glided into the remote past. This delay is inevitable when more than 20 pp. are given to Anselm, and more than 30 to Bacon. The book thus becomes a useful reference book of history and science; but it ceases, perforce, to give us those men of the time who have only just gone from among us.

Very pleasant reading, especially for those who know the country, were "Fox-Hunting and Otter Hunting on Dartmoor," when they came out in the *Saturday Review*. So were "The Other Tennis" (whose votaries call our tennis players "Grasshoppers"), and "Sea-Fishing," and "Ice Yachting in America," and indeed all the papers now reprinted as "The New Book of Sports" (Bentley). They are all worth re-reading. Some, like "Cut-Throat-Exchequer and Poker," teach us what not to play at; others, like "The Games of Savages," are sportively archaeological; others, like "Athletics in America," are mildly statistical; all, like "Riding Schools," which ends with the remark that those who frequent them "have the satisfaction of thinking, at any rate, that they are learning to ride," have that dash of *sauce piquante* which one expects, and generally finds, in the *Saturday*.

Dr. J. E. Taylor has wisely limited to Invertebrates his excellent handbook on "Our Common British Fossils, and Where to Find Them" (Chatto and Windus). He begins with sponges, and goes upwards to brachiopods; and then begins again with molluscs, which he traces from the primary rocks up to the latest East-Anglian crag. His last chapter is on "Cephalopods," including belemnite and ammonite. The book is well and profusely illustrated, and is in every way just what the young student wants when he begins collecting. The chapter on "Sponge-Spicules, Recent and Fossil," and on "The Connection Between Sponges and Flints" is admirable. On this connection Dr. Taylor wisely abstains from dogmatizing where authorities like Zittel and Carter disagree. He is content to assure us that the "flint meal" of rotten flints is made up of sponge spicules, and that "the flints of the chalk somehow assumed their present shape, distribution, and appearance through the agency of the crops of sponges that flourished on the ancient cretaceous seabed." He is equally cautious throughout; and the beginner who too often has to unlearn plausible theories will by and by thank him for this. His remarks on the persistence of type and its cause (*e.g.*, in the fresh-water mussels of the Old Red Sandstone, compared with those of our rivers and lakes of to-day) are always to the point; and the tourist will be grateful to him for adding a new charm to well-known haunts, as well as for pointing out new places (*e.g.*, p. 81) where scenery and fossils go together. We cannot, however, agree with him that geology is best studied among the hills; there are hills and hills, and our experience with the hammer is rather in favour of tamer landscapes.



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Those of our readers who were present at the very creditable performance of Berlioz's grand *Té Deum*, given last month at the Crystal Palace, will feel a special interest in and accord a hearty reception to a vocal and pianoforte score, cheap edition, recently published by this firm. Originally intended to form an episode in a grand epic dramatic work written in honour of the First Napoleon, whom Berlioz greatly admired, it was performed for the first and only time during the lifetime of its composer under his direction, in the church of St. Eustache, Paris, on April 30th, 1855, by way of inaugurating the opening of the Palais de l'Industrie on the following day. For upwards of a quarter of a century it was allowed to lie dormant; in November, 1883, it was revived at Bordeaux, and the following year was performed at Weimar and Vienna. One of the drawbacks to its due performance according to the author's intention is the fact that it requires an orchestra of 134 executants, a double choir of 200 voices, and a third choir of 600 boys. He intended that the orchestra and two choirs, with the third choir on a separate platform and at some distance from them, should be placed at one end of the church, and the organ at the other. The composer adds that in concert performances the third choir may be dispensed with, and that when an organ is not available a harmonium may be substituted. Up to the present time this work has only been accessible to musicians through the publication of the full score, and that at an exorbitantly high price. Thanks to the present musicianly and inexpensive arrangement by C. B. Barry we may hope to hear this work, which Berlioz considered equal to his *Requiem*, again and again given by some of the leading choral societies, for example, done by the Albert Hall Choir under the *baton* of Mr. Barnby.—A song of more than ordinary merit is "Under the Snow," the charming poetry by Lady Charlotte Elliott, music by R. B. Addison; an *ad libitum* violoncello accompaniment adds greatly to the interest of this graceful composition.—"The Sappho Valse," by F. de la Trappe Pitt, is a remarkably good specimen of its school; we shall hear it frequently in the ball-rooms of this season.

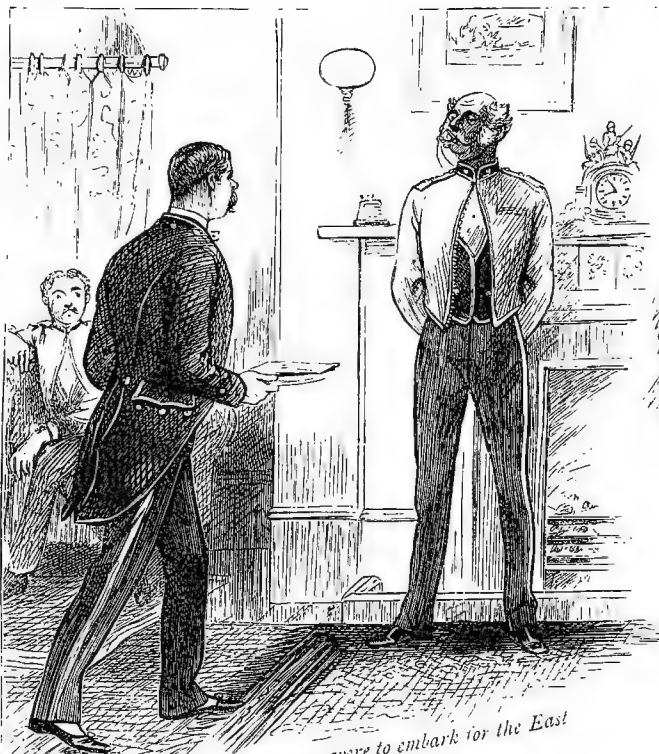
MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—No. 26 of "The Lute," a series of part songs, anthems, &c., is Campbell's poem, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," set by Alfred Gaul in the form of a descriptive choral song for men's voices.—A song which will appeal to the tender feelings of young mothers and grandparents is "Young England," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and Frederick Bevan.—"Twenty Short and Easy Voluntaries for the Organ," with pedal obligato, arranged by Dr. Spark, will prove a veritable boon to organists of refined taste and fair ability.—The same may be said of "Six Morceaux Lyriques," *pour le violon*, by Guido Papini, who has done good service to beginners on that instrument.—"Ruby," a gavotte for the pianoforte, by Frank Lawson, is decidedly above the average of this much overdone school of compositions.—"La Coquette," a *valse dansante facile*, by Tito Mattei, is a very pretty, easy, and showy little piece for the pianoforte.

C. B. TREE.—"March in F," for the pianoforte, by Arthur Harvey, has plenty of go in it, albeit not of the most original character.—"The Euphorbia Valse," by Ernest Spencer, is chiefly noteworthy for its graceful frontispiece; the music is somewhat commonplace.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—Two songs, music by Frank Austin, are respectively "Farewell, Dear Love," an ultra-sentimental love ditty, words by Miss. Henderson.—Very patriotic are both words and music of "The Two Angels," the former are anonymous, from the *Quiver*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A pleasing ballad of medium compass is "The Wind is Awake," written and composed by J. Vance Cheney and Gerard F. Colb (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—"Come Unto Me," a sacred song, words from Holy Writ, music by A. Hopkins Allen, will prove a useful addition to the Sunday *répertoire* (Alphonse Cary).—Two sets of fairly good waltzes are respectively "Idoleen," by Gerald T. Moody (C. Jefferys), and "Society," by Annie Thiballier (Joseph Williams).





*The news came that we were to embark for the East*



*Passage-Servants are to economise space as much as possible*



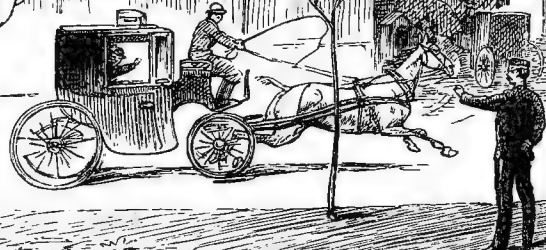
*Much to the satisfaction of the Juniors*



*One way and another it's a busy time*

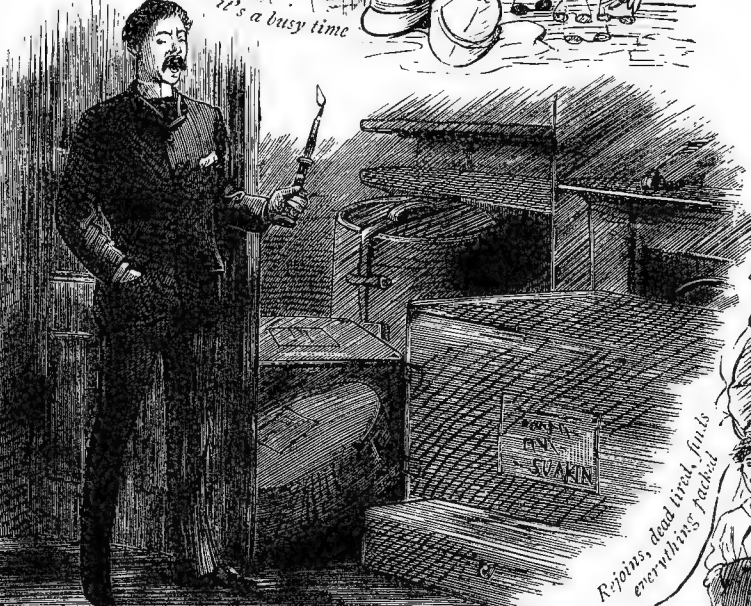


*There was a general rush for leave*

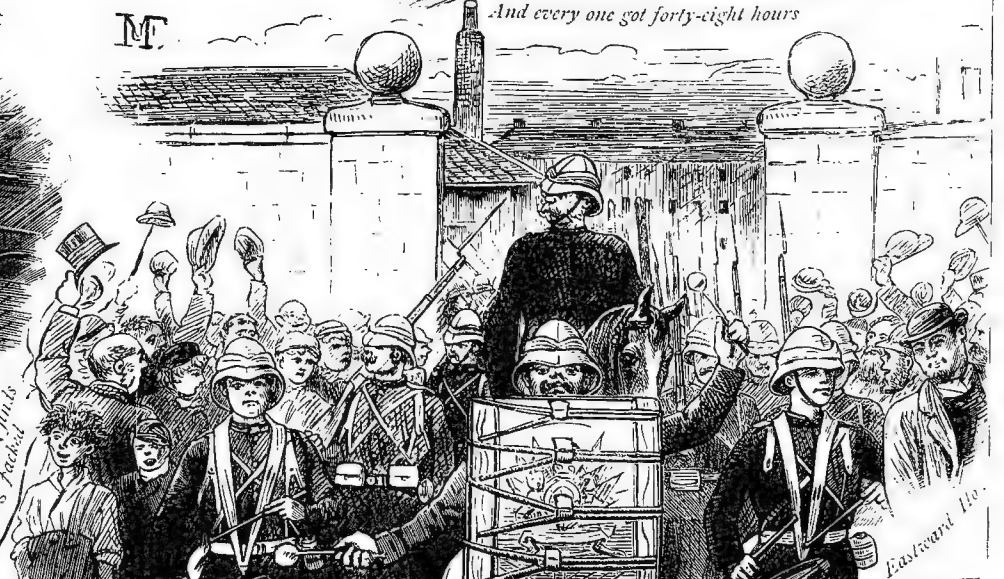


M

*And every one got forty-eight hours*

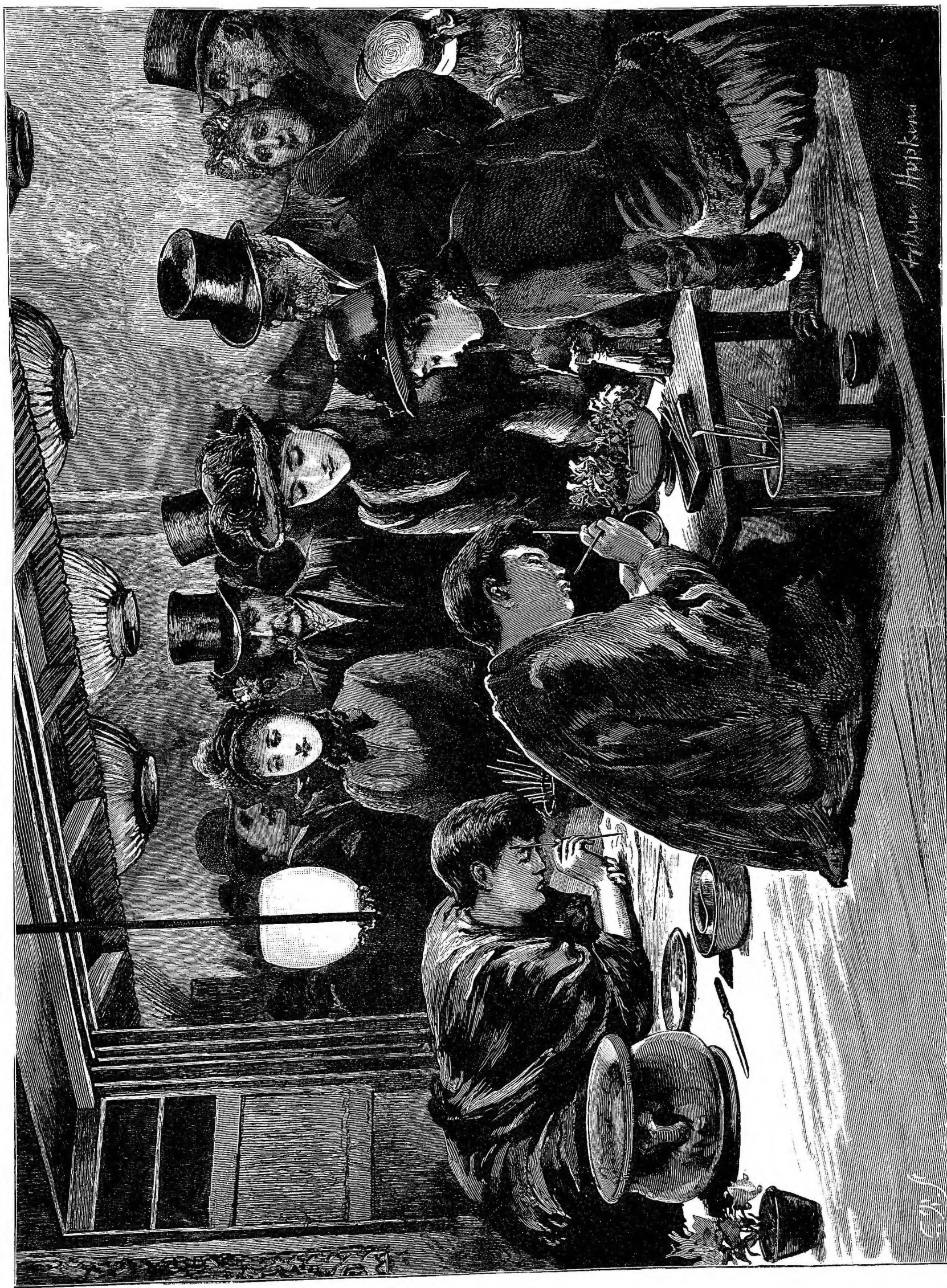


*Ripons, dead tired, find everything packed*



*Eastward Ho*





JAPANESE ARTISTS AT WORK  
A SKETCH AT THE JAPANESE VILLAGE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, SHORTLY BEFORE THE FIRE



## HEROINES OF SCOTCH SONG

It is curious, when considering the variety of types under which womanhood appears in the ballads of Scotland, to reflect on their paucity as exhibited in its songs. Every-day life is illustrated in the song. Scotch home life is even more uneventful than English domesticity; and it is not easy to elevate the sentiments or refine the manners of milkmaids and turf-cutters. The heroines of the ballad, on the contrary, are rightly painted in brilliant colours. They have frequently descended by tradition from olden verse; and have brought many of their graces and excellencies with them, enhanced at times by the fancy of recent generations. Successive poets have added to their charms here and there, and removed blemishes. Their beauty has been lauded in countless households, and their adventures told on a thousand hillsides to appreciative and imaginative, if but scanty, audiences. The ballad, in a word, has passed into the heart of Scotland, while the song only lingers carelessly in its ear.

And yet there are notable characters in Scottish song; and not a few genuine poets, such as Tannahill, Motherwell, Lady Nairne, Scott, and, of course, Burns, have hung masterpieces of minstrelsy in the national Walhalla. Scott could strike the lyre on his own account, but was not ashamed occasionally to lend a fresh grace to the ruggedness of an old stave—as when he transformed Katharine Fanfarie into the fair heroine of "The Young Lochinvar." Regret and retrospection form the dominant notes in many of the best Scotch songs. What could be sweeter than Motherwell's plaintive sighs?—

O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sindered young,  
I've never seen your face, nor heard  
The music of your tongue;  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I be,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
Of bygone days and me.

Hogg strikes a different key in his humorous account of the ravages of Meg o' Marley among the hearts of her admirers—

O, ken ye Meg o' Marley glen,  
The bonny blue-eyed dearie?  
She's played the de'il among the men,  
And a' the land's grown eery.  
She's stown the "Bangor" frae the clerk,  
And snooled him wi' the shame o't;  
The minister's fa'n through the text,  
And Meg gets a' the blame o't.

Lizzie Lindsay is still more prompt. When her "laddie" asks—

Will ye gang wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,  
Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?

the answer is ready in a moment—

She has killed her coats o' green satin,  
She has killed them up to the knee,  
And she's off with Lord Ronald McDonald  
His bride and his darling to be.

Indeed, she forgot to propitiate the fairies before entering their territory; for nothing could have been more obnoxious to the "wee folk" than her green dress, according to the popular belief.

A long gallery might be filled with different types of Scotch sentiment from the songs of the country. Burns's Mary Morison is charming. She is undescribed, fanciful, intangible, impalpable; and yet in what life-like colours is she pictured! When one is praised for her beauty, one for her grace, and so forth—

I sighed and said among them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Her gentleness and winning purity shine in her face, albeit the poet gives no hint whether it were that of a blonde or a brunette. Only—

A thought ungentele canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

No wonder the lover is emboldened to ask—

Canst thou break that heart of his  
Whose only fault is loving thee?

Poor Tannahill's singing was soon over. He committed suicide in the deep gloom of a melancholy temperament at the age of thirty-six; but he has left some exquisite creations behind. Nature was supremely dear to him. The red clouds of evening, the laverock, the mavis, the summer gloaming, all are reflected in his verse. Jessie of Dunblane will not soon be forgotten—

How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft fauldin' blossom,  
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green,  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

Katharine Ogilvie is the creation of some ruffling courtier in Charles II.'s time. The song has caught the pastoral grace of a portrait by Greuze. Kit Marlowe might have been envious—

Oh, if I were some shepherd swain,  
To feed my flock beside thee;  
And gang with thee along the plain  
At buchtin to abide thee.  
More rich and happy I could be  
Wi' Kate and crook and dogie,  
Than he that does his thousands see—  
My winsome Kath'rine Ogilvie.

Annie Laurie on "Maxwellton's braes" must be added to the heroines of Scotch sentiment, and Lowe's faithful damsel who

laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

There is a rich spice of fun in many of the Scotch heroines, the pawkiness of the nation conspicuous even when its lassies are being wooed and won. Allan Ramsay's "two bonnie lassies" show this excellently—

Fair Bessie Bell I loved yestreen,  
And thoct I ne'er could alter;  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een  
Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

And surely never maiden had more suitors than Tibbie Fowler—

Ten cam' east and ten cam' west,  
Ten cam' rowing ower the water,  
Twa cam' down the lang dyke-side—  
There's twa and thirty wooin' at her.  
There seven but and seven ben,  
Seven in the pantry wi' her,  
Twenty head about the door—  
There's ane and forty wooin' at her!

Among the haughty damsels of the country "Scornfu' Nancy" is pre-eminent. She says her mind at once to her wooer—

Sae haud ye'r tongue and say nae mair,  
Set somewhere else your fancy.

The tune to which her scorn is sung was appropriated by our own Gay for one of his songs in 1733. Frances Sempie of Beltrees is generally supposed responsible for the creation of a much fiercer virago, and we should certainly hesitate to accept the invitation with which her song ends—

"Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,  
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder,"

if we remembered her blunt language on being asked a civil question by a "douce body," who evidently meant no ill—

Wha wadna be in love  
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?  
A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her:

Right scornfully she answered him—  
"Begone, you hallanshaker!  
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,  
My name is Maggie Lauder!"

Where could be found a neater compliment than that which her lover pays to Janet, where she asked him to bring her a "keekin'-glass" (looking-glass). A perfume from the old Greek story of Narcissus hangs about it—

Sweet sir, for your courtesy,  
When ye come by the Bass, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a keekin'-glass, then.  
Keek into the draw-well,  
Janet, Janet;  
There ye'll see ye'r bonnie sel',  
My jo Janet.

There is a snatch of an old song in King Lear, "Blink o'er the bourn, sweet Bettie, to me." The lady must have been very charming to have drawn forth the following wish, which is said to have been written previous to 1684—

In summer I mawed my meadow,  
In harvest I shure my corn,  
In winter I married a widow—  
I wish I was free the morn!  
Blink over the burn, sweet Bettie,  
Blink over the burn to me;  
Oh, it's a thousand pities  
But I was a widow for thee!

Compared with bold Maggie Lauder and Scornfu' Nancy the damsel in a song of Richard Gull is a poor-spirited lassie. She had only to be asked to be won—

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his doo,  
And pressed hame his words wi' a smack on my mow,  
While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichted and fain,  
And sighed out, "O, Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain!"

It required Sister Glegg adequately to characterise such a lack of proper self-respect in a heroine. After all, however, it is not every one who cares to fall in love with a heroine. She is apt in married life to degenerate into a dragon. Much finer is the independence of Mistress Jean when the Laird o' Cockpen intruded as she was making "the elder-flower wine"—

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,  
And what was his errand he soon let her know;  
Amazed was the laird when the lady said Na,  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Needless to say, we entirely reprobate Miss Ferrier's addition to Lady Nairne's dainty song, how reflection wrought repentance to Mistress Jean—

Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And the *dénouement* is still more tasteless—

Neist time that the laird and the lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm-and-arm to the kirk on the green.

Such are some of the songs which are being sung in many a snug kitchen and hall of Scotland when winter has stopped out-door work, and the long dark evenings have to be spent in song and dance and carousal, as they were spent by the blameless Hyperboreans of old. Happy people to possess such a store of popular poetry! Its echoes touch the hearts of Scotland's sons wherever "Auld lang syne" or "Tarry woo" (Sir Walter's favourite) are sung, from Benares to the sheep-farms of Queensland. Happy land, to possess compulsory holidays every winter—a long vacation of song and merriment! "What do you do with yourselves in the long winter evenings?" we asked in Sutherlandshire. "We keep the weddings for them," was the answer. "The more weddings the more merriment and happiness." M. G. W.

## SNEEZING

It is difficult in these days to realise the sentiments of the ancients in connection with some of their religious superstitions, but the association of awe with phenomena which in our eyes are only grotesque is familiar to the student of the past. There are many passages in the ancient classical literature which indicate that the act of sneezing, which is provocative of laughter in the modern witness, was once regarded as a method of expression by which a god did not disdain to signify approbation or disapproval. We read in the "Odyssey" how Penelope dismisses Eumæus, the swineherd, to bid Ulysses, not yet recognised as her husband, into her presence. Scarcely has she uttered the words, when her son Telemachus sneezes aloud, and she immediately interprets the occurrence as an omen granted by the gods to signify their approval of her resolution. She laughs with exultation, and renews her command with a triumphant assurance of a successful issue. Her confidence is justified by the event, for Ulysses slays her importunate suitors, reveals himself in his true character, and claims her for his wife.

In other and historical instances an opportune sneeze has decided the choice between action and inaction. When Xenophon was endeavouring to inspire his troops for battle in the expedition against Artaxerxes, a sneeze echoed down the lines. Immediately the whole army sang the Pæan, and offered thanks to Zeus for vouchsafing the propitious sign. On this occasion, however, the token was doomed not to be fulfilled in the sense in which it was accepted, for it will be remembered that the Battle of Cunaxa was disastrous to the expeditionary forces. Xenophon's confidence in the omen will appear natural upon reflecting that he had been a pupil of Socrates, whose familiar spirit was popularly believed to betray its presence by exciting a sneeze either in the garrulous sage himself or in one among his audience, and who was accustomed to desist from his harangues whenever the sound was sinister—*i.e.*, emanating from the left-hand side.

Aristotle, while supporting the current faith in the divine nature of the affection, characteristically gave as a practical hint the advice to look at the sun to induce the paroxysm, and we still follow his counsel when we are tantalised by the too coy advances of a sneeze. He also explained that its action was purgative and expulsive and cleansing, clearing both brain and eye—a theory that many a snuff-taker may be glad to accept on so high an authority. Two or four sneezes following in succession were regarded by the Greeks as lucky, while one or three portended ill, luck not then being apparently associated with odd numbers. To sneeze at the moment when the table was being cleared at the conclusion of a meal was accounted a favourable omen. If two persons engaged in a colloquy sneezed simultaneously, the occurrence was significant of a fortunate issue to their deliberations. A sneeze occurring between midnight and noonday was of bright auspices; but, between noonday and midnight, it was ominous of evil.

At different times and in different places the sneeze has been considered indicative of restored animation and of impending death. The Shunamite's son, who was called back into life by Elisha, sneezed seven times and opened his eyes. In the great plague at Athens it was observed that recovery from the dread malady was signalled by an attack of sneezing; and in the "Arabian Night's Tales" we read how Fetnah, when lifted out of her coffin by Ganem, sneezed and opened her eyes. Yet, on the other hand, the Rabbinical tradition is that a sneeze was in ancient days the invariable accompaniment and cause of death. The story is that until Jacob came into the world no man died in any other way but by the shock occasioned by a sneeze. Old age could not kill, disease could not destroy; but the first sneeze proved fatal. This early and beneficent law of Nature prevailed until Jacob's prayers obtained its

reversal on condition that the Deity's protection should be invoked when the sneeze supervened. And from this covenant, say the Rabbis, is derived the curiously universal custom of invoking a blessing on the person who sneezes. There is perhaps no quarter of the globe where this practice is not, or has not been, observed. "God bless my soul!" is an exclamation not yet quite obsolete among the more old-fashioned of our contemporaries when they have been surprised by a sneeze somewhat more violent than usual. In Ireland, when we are so affected, we are greeted with "Long life to your honour!" "Gesundheit!" ejaculates the German of to-day; "Gott hilf!" prayed his ancestor. The Russians wish "Your good health!" "Salute!" says the Italian peasant, or, "Figli maschi!" "May you have sons for children!" an orison betokening the value of manual labour. In Bengal it is customary to make a salaam. The Greeks exclaimed, "Zeu sôson!" "God save you," as we learn from an epigram by Ammianus on one Proclus, whose nose was so long that he could not hear it sneeze, and who failed, therefore, to invoke the usual blessing upon himself.

The Hindu, if interrupted by a sneeze while engaged in making his ablutions and repeating his prayers, will begin both the rites over again from the commencement, as though his body had been polluted and his prayers infected. Yet it was in Hindustan that Buddha rebuked the superstition of his priests in this matter; for we learn on the authority of the Buddhist scriptures that that divine personage once sneezed, and that thereupon the priests salaamed and wished him long life.

"Think you," said Buddha, "that I shall live any longer because you wish me long life?"

"No, verily," confessed the priests.

"Desist then," said Buddha, "from so unprofitable a ceremony."

Readers of the Homeric Hymns will recollect how the mischievous baby-deity, Hermes, when lying in the arms of Apollo, sneezes so violently that the God of Song flings him suddenly down upon the turf, where the precocious infant sits and winks at him as though proud of the merry trick he had played off upon him. The Moslem after sneezing implores the protection of Allah against the Evil One. In Sennaar, if the sovereign sneeze, his attendants turn their backs upon him and loudly slap their right thighs, and at Monomotapa, so lustily do the attendants salute the king that the sound is heard in the outer chambers, and passed on thence into the city, until it becomes everywhere known that the king has sneezed, and prayers are put up for his welfare. St. Augustin alludes to a custom in accordance with which the ancients, if they happened to sneeze while getting up in the morning, immediately went to bed again, in order that they might arise with happier auspices. Erasmus enjoins one whose neighbour sneezes to salute him with "Faustum sit ac felix," or "Bene vertat Deus"—"Heaven avert mischief." According to Polydore Vergil, friend of the above-quoted Erasmus, the ancient custom of saluting the person who sneezes received a fresh impetus during the prevalence of the plague that overran Europe and spread into Asia and Africa, in the year 558, when men sneezed and fell down dead (as though the covenant of Jacob had become of no avail for the Gentiles), and so the sneeze became dreaded as the token of sudden death.

Pathological science, which dissipates so many superstitions, and which teaches us that this affection results from an effort of Nature to stimulate and restore to action some large nerve centre that has been unduly depressed, still permits us, in this limited sense, to regard the sneeze as an auspicious omen. F. W. H.

A "TELEPIHME" is the new Transatlantic term for a telephone message.

INDIAN HOSPITALITY TO PASSING STRANGERS is sometimes open to abuse. Lately a traveller claimed the hospitality of a Deputy Commissioner near Allahabad on the plea that he had recently been "putting up" with a mutual acquaintance—the Superintendent of the Central Gaol. When the traveller departed his host found out that he had been entertaining a European vagrant fresh from the workhouse.

A CURIOUS NEW LAND LAW has just been promulgated in Montenegro. Prince Nikitka forbids any Montenegrin to own more than twenty acres of ground, in order to preserve as much equality as possible among his subjects. Owing to the recent Mahomedan emigration from the districts lately ceded to the Principality, the Montenegrins have acquired large estates at very small cost, and the Prince fears the rise of a large class of richly-landed proprietors who will not cultivate the land to its full extent and will oppress their poorer fellow-subjects.

PURE DRINKING-WATER is not one of the blessings enjoyed by the Berliners. Dr. Koch, of cholera bacilli fame, has been analysing the different sources of supply, and, after counting the infinitesimal inhabitants of the water, tells a very unpleasant tale. Well-water, though by no means satisfactory, is decidedly the least offensive, and next comes the supply from the Stralau water-works and the Tegel aqueduct, but in one part of the Spree, near Charlottenburg, he found over ten millions of germs in every cubic metre (1·1960 square yard), while some of the water infected by drainage from printing works actually contained thirty-eight millions of germs to the metre.

A "PUNCTUALITY SOCIETY" is the latest innovation in the Mikado's Empire. Like most Orientals the Japanese have little idea of the value of time, and are hopelessly unpunctual, so a leading Osaka merchant, finding that this unpunctuality materially impedes business, is organising a "Time Association," whose members must bind themselves to keep their engagements to the minute. A breach of this rule will bring down reprimand from the Association, and on continued unpunctuality the offender will be expelled from the Association, and his name and offences will be published in the Press.

SPANISH COURT CEREMONIES IN HOLY WEEK are decidedly fatiguing. Thus the traditional washing of poor men and women's feet by the King and Queen, on Maundy Thursday, is no light task, according to a lady correspondent of the *American Register*, who witnessed the proceedings. After the feet-washing, Queen Christina had to serve twelve old women with an extensive meal, carrying each dish and plate herself, and as she moved about, her every movement was minutely followed by her train-bearer, who held her enormous green velvet train by a couple of satin loops fastened to the finger of each hand, and had to spring backwards and forwards with considerable agility. Altogether Her Majesty had to make 300 movements with the fifteen dishes and necessary plates, and dropped two plates and broke them. King Alfonso followed suit by dropping a big cheese whilst serving the old men. The meal included salmon, each person having 7 lbs. apiece, eel and boiled rice, sardine sandwiches, fried hake, eel sandwiches, fried cod, omelette with pickled fish, fried sole, red mullet, sea bream, and oysters in pickle, stuffed artichokes, pastry, rice and milk, a Dutch cheese weighing 6½ lbs., a gallon pitcher of wine, and plates of olives, figs, oranges, nuts, almonds and raisins, and aniseed cakes. None of these viands were eaten at the time, but were put into a basket with a huge loaf, and sent to the poor people's homes, together with a purse containing sixteen dollars. Queen Christina seemed very tired when it was all over, pulled off her gloves, rolled them into a ball, and threw them vigorously under the table, and looked delighted at a sudden hailstorm, which came on, and prevented her walking in thin satin shoes to the Cathedral, as not even Royalty is permitted to drive in Holy Week.



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PARQUET FLOORING.—500,000 feet super of seasoned oak and oak and walnut Flooring always kept in stock ready for immediate laying. Parquet Flooring, by the introduction of machinery, is manufactured now by MAPLE and CO. at a smaller cost than ever. Estimates free.

CARPETS, BRUSSELS.  
CARPETS, 1,000 Pieces of "Manufacturer's Best" five-framed Brussels Carpets, at 3s. 3d. and 3s. 4½d. per yard. These goods are regularly sold at 3s. 9d. and 4s.

MAPLE and CO. NEW SHOW ROOMS.

MAPLE and CO. NEW SHOW ROOMS.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have OPENED the NEW EXTENSION of their FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, making an addition of 1½ acre, including fourteen New Show Rooms, for the display of High Class Furniture.

MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by special appointment to Her Majesty. The largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the World.—Acres of show rooms for the display of every possible description of household requisites.—Tottenham Court Road, London. Established forty-eight years.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants, and direct Importers of the finest Woods to be found in Africa, Asia, and America, and Manufacturers of Cabinet Furniture in various woods by s. o. in power.—Tottenham Court Road, London. Catalogues free.

MAPLE and CO.—BASS WOOD FURNITURE is one of the novelties particularly recommended, being much harder than pine and a prettier wood. 500 bedroom suites finished, in various woods to select from, prices 5½ to 25 guineas. Many of these are quite novelties in shape and finish.—Tottenham Court Road, London.

MAPLE and CO.'S FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, the Largest in the world. ACRES OF SHOW ROOMS, for the display of First-class Furniture, ready for immediate delivery. Novelties every day from all parts of the globe. No family ought to furnish before viewing this collection of household requisites, it being one of the sights of London. To Export Merchants an unusual advantage is offered. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers.

MAPLE and CO., the Upholsterers doing the Largest Furnishing Business in the World, and holding the Royal Appointment to Her Majesty, wish to inform the Public that Parcels under 7½ lbs. weight can now be delivered by the New Parcels Post.—MAPLE and CO., Tottenham Court Road, London.

NOTICE.—DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS to go for 42 days with once winding; a handsome present. Price 70s. warranted. MAPLE and CO. have a large and varied assortment, suitable for dining and drawing room. Over 500 to select from. Prices from 10s. 3d. Handsome Marble Clock, with incised lines in gold, and superior eight-day movement, 25s. 6d.; also Bronzes in great variety.

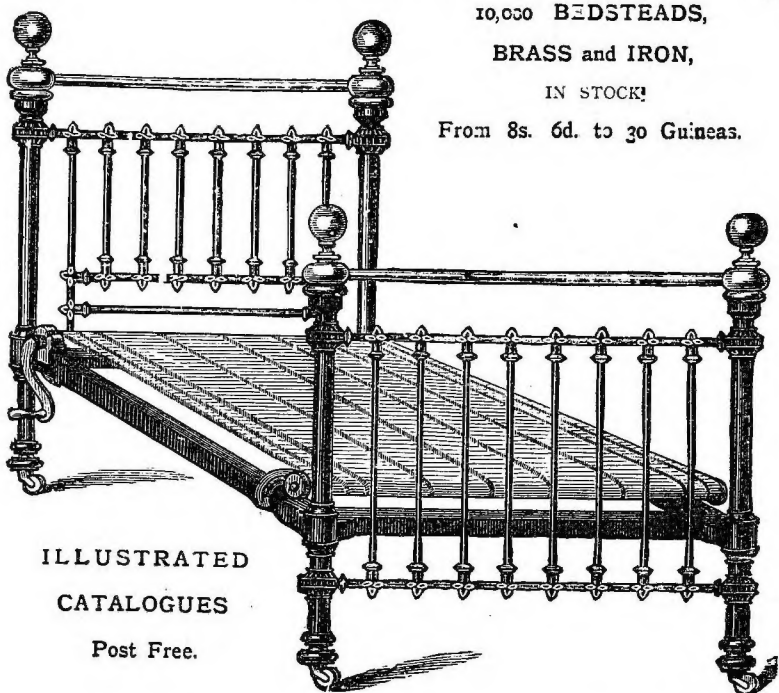
ORDERS for EXPORTATION to any part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance of London reference.

THE GRAPHIC

# MAPLE & CO.,

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,  
LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT  
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT  
IN THE WORLD.



The above BLACK and BRASS BEDSTEAD, with the PATENT WIRE WOVE MATTRESS, complete:  
3 ft., 50s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 55s.; 4 ft., 63s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 67s. 6d.  
Price for the Patent Wire Wove Mattress, without Bedstead:  
3 ft., 15s. 9d.; 3 ft. 6 in., 18s. 9d.; 4 ft., 21s. 6d.; 4 ft. 6 in., 24s. 6d.  
"PATENT WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS."

THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS is a strong and wonderful fabric of fine wire, so interlocked and woven by a patented process of DOUBLE WEAVING that an ELASTIC and PERFECT sleeping arrangement is secured. The hard spring wire used is carefully tinned, effectually preventing corrosion, and presents a very attractive and silverlike appearance.

This Mattress is in fact a complete appliance for all purpose of REST and SLEEP, combining all the advantages of a PERFECT SPRING BED, and CAN BE MADE SOFT OR HARD AT PLEASURE BY USING THE HANDLE AT SIDE OF BEDSTEAD: IT CAN BE TAKEN TO PIECES IN A FEW MOMENTS, AND PACKED IN A VERY SMALL COMPASS.

They are also greatly used in yachts and ships, because of their cleanliness.

MAPLE and CO. MANUFACTURERS.  
MAPLE and CO. ART FURNITURE  
MAPLE and CO. ADAMS' DESIGNS.  
MAPLE and CO. LOUIS XVI. FURNITURE  
MAPLE and CO. have at the present time a most wonderful assortment of new and artistic furniture on show. An illustrated catalogue, containing the price of every article required in furnishing, post free.  
MAPLE and CO., 145, Tottenham Court Road, MANUFACTURERS of

BED ROOM SUITES by MACHINERY.  
500 BED ROOM SUITES, from 75s. to 150 GUINEAS.  
BED ROOM SUITES, in Pine, 5½ Guineas.  
BED ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate-glass door to wardrobe, washstand fitted with Minton's tiles, 4 to 10s.  
BED ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, £10 10s.  
BED ROOM SUITE in Solid Walnut, consists of 4 ft. wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. chest drawers, marble-top washstand, toilet table with glass, pedestal cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs. This suite is manufactured by Maple and Co.'s new machinery, lately erected. Complete suite, £10 14s.  
BED ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, 6 ft. wardrobe, with glass door, large toilet table and glass attached, marble-top washstand, fitted with Minton's tiles, pedestal cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs, 21 guineas.  
BED ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, 6 ft. wardrobe, with glass door, large toilet table and glass attached, marble-top washstand, fitted with Minton's tiles, pedestal cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs, 23 guineas.  
BED ROOM SUITES.—CHIPPENDALE, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satin-wood, inlaid with different woods, 85 to 200 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (IRON).  
MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (BRASS).

MAPLE and CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cribs, and Cots, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, as used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price, for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. to 80 guineas. Shippers and colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from.—MAPLE and CO. Export Furnishing Warehouse, Tottenham Court Road, London; and Paris.

MAPLE and CO. BEDSTEADS.  
MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in Stock, comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

MAPLE and CO. HOUSEHOLD LINENS  
HOUSEHOLD LINENS.—MAPLE and CO. specially commend this department to those commencing housekeeping or replenishing stocks. All goods are carefully selected direct from the manufacturers, thus saving the intermediate profit. An immense assortment to choose from. Price list, estimates, and patterns free.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.—Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this Department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing, at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent, and quotations given, free of charge.

MAPLE and CO., Tottenham Court Road, London, and Boulevard de Strasbourg, Paris.

HEALTH AND INTEGRAL STRENGTH IMPARTED AND IMPAIRED VITALITY RESTORED.  
BY THE USE OF MILD CONTINUOUS GALVANIC CURRENTS, AS GIVEN BY MEANS OF THE

# ELECTROPATHIC BELT

(HARNESS' PATENT)

Universally approved by the Leading Physicians as the Best, Safest, and Most Effectual Remedy for SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DERANGEMENT, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF NERVE-POWER, DEFICIENT VITAL ENERGY, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, EPILEPSY, PARALYSIS, HYSTERIA, INDIGESTION, SLUGGISH LIVER, &c., and has cured some of the most obstinate and distressing cases, after all Remedies (so-called) have failed. The Electric Current it produces IS THE BEST TONIC IN THE WORLD.

## TESTIMONIALS.

The attention of Ladies is directed to the following HIGHLY SATISFACTORY CASE, which is worthy of the closest investigation by all who suffer from these DISTRESSING IRREGULARITIES.

From Mrs. J. HAWKEY, 16, Matilda Street, Barnsbury, N., April 21, 1885:—"I have received great benefit since wearing your ELECTROPATHIC BELT. Wearing it has improved my health every way. I feel to express in words the satisfaction it gives me. I have not felt so well for years. I have since wearing your Belt. I was under the care of a physician for six months, suffering from the usual irregularities incident to debility and bad circulation. I was despairing of ever feeling well again, when I was recommended your ELECTROPATHIC BELT. I cannot say enough in favour of it, but I shall be glad to communicate with any lady who would like further particulars of my case."

## INTERNAL WEAKNESS.

From Miss M. HUDSON, Twyford, Derby, March 22, 1885:—"Seven months ago I purchased one of your Electropathic Belts. I need not describe the symptoms here, but refer you to my letter of June 7, 1884, No. 3,144. I have worn the Belt every day since that date, and it has been an untold comfort to me. I would not be without one, and cannot say enough in favour of your Belts; all I regret is they are not better known. I shall be glad to write to any lady who may wish to hear more particulars respecting my case, and shall certainly recommend your appliances to my friends."

## INDIGESTION & KIDNEY DISORDER.

From Mr. H. FINCHAM, 54, Lugard Road, Peckham, S.E., Oct. 1, 1884:—"Before I came under your treatment I was a great sufferer with intense agony from Indigestion and Kidney Disorder, and had been to many doctors, but could get no relief. Before wearing your Electropathic Belt I must say I had very little faith in it, but I am now completely cured."

## IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS.

The Consulting Electrician of the Association, who has made the application of Electricity to the Cure of Disease a special study, attends daily for consultation (personally or by letter) at the PRIVATE CONSULTATION ROOMS, 21, Holborn Viaduct, London. An Experienced Lady is also in attendance.

Residents at a distance should send for a Private Advice Form, post free.

## TESTIMONIALS.

### NERVOUS DEBILITY.

From Mr. W. A. SMITH, 6, Exeter Street, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, Oct. 23, 1884:—"I am heartily thankful that I ever consulted you for advice with regard to my advanced stage of Nervous Debility. I do not feel like the same man I did previous to wearing your ELECTROPATHIC APPLIANCES. I am more fitted for business, for study, and better able to converse than ever before. I have every confidence in the ELECTROPATHIC BELT, &c. You can give publicity to this if you wish."

### BRONCHITIS.

The Rev. F. AUBREY, Rose Cottage, 130, Ystrad Road, Ystrad, Pontypriid, writes Jan. 3, 1885:—"I have great pleasure in giving a favourable report of the Child's LUNG INVIGORATOR, received last October for a little relative of mine who suffered from Bronchitis. It has materially benefited her, and produced a wonderful change in her general health."

Please forward size round the Waist when ordering the "ELECTROPATHIC BELT."

Price 21s. post free.

## TESTIMONIALS.

### INDIGESTION AND CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

Mrs. C. HITCHCOCK, Brashfield, Bicester, Oxon, Jan. 5, 1885:—"I am thankful to tell you what great benefit I have derived from your ELECTROPATHIC BELT. I wish I had had one long before I did, and thus prevented so much suffering. I am a great deal better in every way; sometimes I felt nearly dead from exhaustion, and after suffering so many months from a fearfully weak digestion and a very sluggish liver, bringing on chronic diarrhœa until I was almost helpless. I had not worn your ELECTROPATHIC BELT a week before I began to feel stronger, my chest got gradually better, until I may say my digestion is almost perfect; my liver is much more active, and the diarrhœa gone long since. I was so ill and weak I even felt afraid to try your Belt, but it has strengthened me more than all the food I took before, because I could not digest it. I say again, I wish I had purchased one before, and remain, yours thankfully, C. HITCHCOCK."

### RHEUMATIC GOUT.

Major PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—"February 23rd, 1885:—"I am very happy to inform you that the ELECTROPATHIC BELT which you supplied me with has completely cured me of the Rheumatic Gout, from which I had suffered such intense agony for nearly two years, and I now feel as strong and active as I have ever felt in my life. Several of my friends have, on my recommendation, tried these Belts, and in every case the result has been most satisfactory."

150,000 of these celebrated Appliances are now in use.

Send for copies of the innumerable Testimonials.

On receipt of Post Office Order or Cheque for 21s., payable to C. B. HARNESS, Managing Director, THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21, Holborn Viaduct, London, will forward, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, the ELECTROPATHIC BELT, for a Lady or Gentleman, as represented in the accompanying woodcuts.

NOTE ADDRESS—THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.



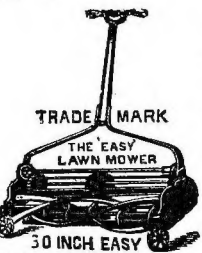
**WATCHES.**—The MIDLAND COUNTRY WATCH COMPANY, of Vase Street, Birmingham, supply their celebrated watches direct to wearers, at the very lowest wholesale cash prices. They guarantee the watches supplied by them to be most perfect timekeepers, and honestly assert their prices to be under one half these charged by watchmakers.—Write for catalogue.

**WATCHES.**—Why give the fabulous prices charged by retail dealers when you can get Gentlemen's Fine Silver flat crystal glass, s. d. heavy cased, superior movement, 25 0 Ladies' Fine Silver, handsomely engraved, flat crystal glass, highly finished movements, 25 0 Ladies' very heavy cased Gold Levers, in exquisitely chased cases, with highly finished extra jewelled movements, 75 0 Gents' date, engine turned cases, 80 0

**WATCHES.**—Gent's Silver Keyless English Hall-marked Levers, 60 0 Gents' Silver Keyless Hunting Cases, English Hall-marked, 67 6 Gents' Fine Gold Keyless Lever, strong heavy cases, 100 0 Gents' Fine Gold Keyless, in hunting cases, 140 0 Ladies' very heavy Keyless, in 18-ct. gold cases, 100 0

**WATCHES.**—These Watches are frequently sold for treble the money. Catalogues containing 1,000 testimonials, and over 500 copper-plate Engravings of Watches and Jewellery sent gratis and post free on application to all parts of the world. Cheque drafts, or P.O. must be made payable to the Company's manager, Mr. A. PERCY, on receipt of which any Watch will be registered post free to any part of the United Kingdom, and for 2s. 6d. per watch extra to any part of the postal world.

## THE "EASY" LAWN MOWER



Is now made with FIVE KNIVES. All sizes, from 10 to 30, kept in stock.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL from the Steward of the Earl of Shrewsbury: "Your Machines are first-class. I find them an immense saving of labour."

"Alton Towers, May 20, 1884."

Apply for List to any Ironmonger or Seedsman, or direct to the Sole Licensees, SELIG, SONNENTHAL and CO., 85, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

## CIGARS DE JOY

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Box bears the name of "WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London."

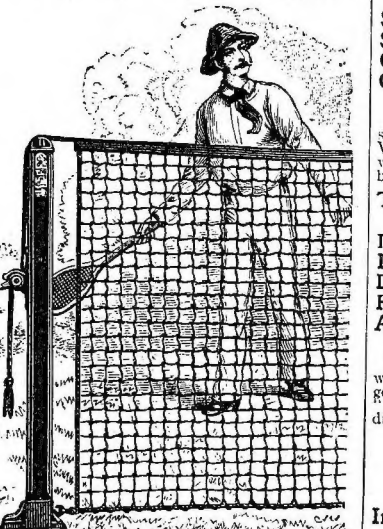
One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS, and SHORTNESS OF BREATH. Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. Price 2s. 6d. per Box of 35, post-free; and of all Chemists.

## "THE NORTH" LAWN TENNIS POLES,

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.



Price 27s. 6d. per Pair. With Net 42 ft. by 3 1/2 ft., 7s. 6d. extra. Do Bound, 14 in. along top, 11s. 6d. extra.



**REQUIRE no Guy Ropes; remain rigidly upright against the inward pull of the rope; are easily erected; can be instantly disconnected from the ground spike, which may be left a fixture. The top of the ground spike is flush with the grass, and if removed the cut in the ground made by its insertion is practically invisible. The net rope passes at exact regulation height over a grooved cap on top of each pole, and is tightened and secured by four Patent Clutches, with which even a child can strain the net to the required tension. A standard is supplied to indicate correct height of net at centre. The poles are elegantly finished in black and gold. May be had direct from the undersigned, packed in case and carriage paid to any railway station in the United Kingdom, on receipt of P.O.O. May also be had from Dealers in Tennis Goods.**

**DAVIDSON AND CO.,** PATENTEES AND MAKERS, "SIROCCO" WORKS, BELFAST.

## FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.

Upon Receipt of Letter or Telegram PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS-MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL TO ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY (no matter the distance) FREE OF ANY EXTRA CHARGE, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENT STREET."

Mourning for Servants at unexceptionally low rates, at a great saving to large or small families.

Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at Stated Charges.

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THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN. Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this desirable manner solely to the order of PETER ROBINSON.

Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 9d. per yard. Others not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

PARCELS POST FREE. Made Up Articles or Materials by the Yard Forwarded Promptly.

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SILVER MEDAL INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1884. Highest Award International Medical and Sanitary Exhibition, 1881; Silver Medal (Highest Award) National Health Society, 1883.

## J. ALLEN AND SON'S FOOD WARMER

FOR INFANTS FOR INVALIDS.



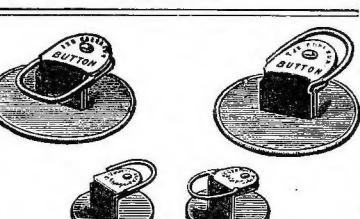
With Pint Kettle, Saucepan, China, Panicle, Spirit Lamp, and Pan for Night Light.

The Press says: "The whole set complete is almost sufficient to render an infant or invalid independent of the outside world."

Sent packed Complete for 10s. Free by Parcels Post for Cash with order.

**SICK ROOM APPLIANCES.** Portable Turkish Baths, Bronchitis Kettles, Inhalers, Throat Sprays, Bed Baths, Bed Pan-Inhalers, Nursery Baths, Infants and Invalids' Food Warmers, Grout's Food Warmers, &c. Illustrated Catalogues post free. Any of these goods sent by Parcels Post or van train, Carriage paid for cash with order.

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## THE PATENT "CHAMPION" BUTTON.

Solitaires Sleeve Links Cuff Studs Collar Studs Pocket Book & Purse Fasteners Legging & Gaiter Clasp, &c.

The object of this invention is to facilitate, by simple means, the buttoning of stiff Linen or Paper Wristbands, Cuffs, Collars, and other articles of wearing apparel, and thereby increase their durability.

The "CHAMPION" BUTTON is double-locking. Is very simple and easy in its action. Is neat in appearance. Does not destroy the Button-holes. Fastens securely, And never breaks the finger-nails.

It is an easy thing to pass an ordinary button half-way through the button-hole, but it is very difficult to get any stiff material over the other half. The "CHAMPION" BUTTON entirely obviates this difficulty.

**DIRECTIONS.**

In this position  pass the

Button through the hole, then turn the

Loop over, thus,  till it snaps

and becomes locked. To unbutton

return the Loop to its former position.

N.B.—The Loop only is moveable, and must be turned upwards in each case.

OF ALL HOSEIERS AND FANCY SHOPS.

Wholesale Agent: **ARTHUR FRANKS,** 10, Silver Street, Wood Street, London, E.C.

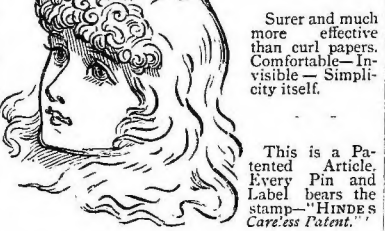
## FOR ALL SEASONS AND ALL CLIMATES

**EGERTON BURNETT'S** NETT'S SERGES, as supplied to the ROYAL COURTS OF EUROPE, for LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S, and CHILDREN'S WEAR, have a world-wide reputation. Any length cut. Prices for Ladies, 1s. 2 1/2d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. Serges for India, &c., double width, 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per yard. Extra strong for Gentlemen and Boys, 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per yard. Serges for army and navy, single width, 1s. 1 1/2d. to 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per yard. Carriage paid to any railway station in the United Kingdom. Patterns post free. Goods packed for exportation. Address **EGERTON BURNETT,** Woollen Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset.

"A Perfect Frisette in Ten Minutes."

## HINDE'S HAIR CURLING PINS.

Produce Charming Ringlets, &c.



USED COLD. Surer and much more effective than curl papers. Comfortable—Invisible—Simplicity itself.

This is a Patented Article. Every Pin and Label bears the stamp—"HINDE'S CARELESS PATENT."

Beware of knavish imitations, which are absolutely useless frauds. Vendors will be rigorously prosecuted.

Sold in 6d. and 1s. Boxes by Fancy Dealers, or Sample Box for 7 stamps, direct from Messrs. Hinde's London Sample Room, 14, City Road, E.C.

Wholesale of Messrs. HINDE, Birmingham and London.



THIS LADY'S Hair will never become loose or disarranged. It is dressed with

**HINDE'S (PATENT) "ELLEN TERRY" HAIR PINS.**

These Pins lock automatically when in the hair, and remain immovable until withdrawn. They are inserted with the same readiness as an ordinary Hair Pin. They cannot get loose or fall out.

Sold by Hairdressers, Drapers, and others, or sample box, post free, for eight stamps, from the Patentees.

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## GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.**

**JAMES EPPS and CO.,** Homœopathic Chemists.

## TIME-CHECKING MACHINES

The EXACT Time Workmen, Officials, Attendants, and others arrive and leave recorded with certainty.

NO OVERPAYMENTS. NO ERRORS. ABSOLUTE ACCURACY. GREAT ECONOMY.

**MACHINES FOR SMALL OR LARGE NUMBER OF MEN.**

Makers of Church, Turret, and Chime Clocks. Parallel Vices. Sole Makers of Clyne's Sight Feed Lubricators, Water Meters, and Sluice Valves.

**SIX HORSE POWER HOT-AIR ENGINES.**

The Manufacture of Specialities entrusted for.

Inventions confidentially perfected and worked out.

Working Models accurately made.

British and Foreign Patents Secured. Oppositions or Defences in Patent Cases undertaken.

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**SANJANA ESSENCE** restores the nervous & muscular system, acts where Iron Quinine & Phosphorus are powerless, enriches the Blood & removes all Blood Poisons, cures Pimples, Liver & Kidney Complaints, Biliousness, Flatulency, Excess in Diet &c. 92 1/2 to 210 Through all Chemists. DR. CHAS. THOMAS' EXTENSIVE TREATISE on Nervous Derangement is gratis. **SANJANA COMPANY—EGHAM.** LONDON—WILCOX & CO. 239 OXFORD ST.

HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE, in Leather-covered Case, is post free—A. W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edgware Street, Birmingham. Manufacturer of Tobacconists' Fancy Goods Wholesale.

Illustrated Catalogue free.

## HEAL AND SON.

**BEDSTEADS.** 3ft. IRON FRENCH from 10s. 6d. 3ft. BRASS FRENCH from 41s.

**BEDDING.** MATTRESSES, 3ft. from 11s. A New Spring Mattress, warranted good and serviceable, at a very moderate price. 3ft., 28s.; 4ft. 6in., 40s. This with a TOP MATTRESS 3ft., 20s.; 4ft. 6in., 29s., makes a most comfortable Bed and cannot be surpassed at the price.

**BEDROOM FURNITURE.** PLAIN SUITES from £3. DECORATED SUITES from £8 10s. SUITES of WHITE ENAMEL, similar to that in the Health Exhibition, from £14. ASH and WALNUT SUITES, from £12 12s. SCREENS, suitable for Bedrooms, 21s.

**EASY CHAIRS FROM 35s.** COUCHES from 75s. BOOKCASES from 38s. and BOOKSHELVES from 7s. 6d. WRITING TABLES from 25s. OCCASIONAL TABLES from 10s. 6d.

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**BERTHON** PORTABLE BOATS AND CANOES, FOR YACHTS, FISHING, SHOOTING, &c. SHOWROOMS: 50, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C. Price List, &c. free. 13 Prize Medals.

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**"PARKER" UMBRELLA** Registered.

**50% Liebig's "Edible" Fruit Pills** a Delicious Bonbon! Cure Constipation, Bile, Indigestion, Liver Complaints, 1/12, 2/9, 4/6 of all Chemists.

**EUCALYPTERA.** AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, and NERVOUS EXHAUSTION. Price 2s. 9d. WHOLESALE OF **BARCLAY and SONS,** 95, FARRINGTON STREET LONDON.

**DRESS STANDS for Home Use.** No. 53: The Queen's Circular in commenting upon it, says:—"We have much pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Grabham and Co. have completed new arrangements to send on receipt of P.O.O. for the reduced amount of 40s., accompanied by tightly-fitting Dress Boddice, a No. 53 Stand, which folds up and packs into a small box of 25 in. by 15 in. This 40s. Stand is moulded to be an exact model of the owner's person, by means of which any one can make and fit a dress as well as the most fashionable dressmaker.

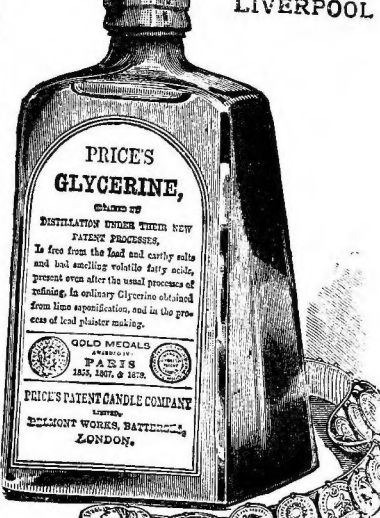
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